

The Enterprise.

VOL. 8.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1903.

NO. 25.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:26 A. M. Daily.	
12:38 P. M. Daily.	
4:03 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
9:11 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
12:10 A. M. Daily.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
2:33 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Third St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Post office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:30 a. m. to 3 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:10
" " " "	7:33	2:33
" " " "	8:55	12:10
" " " "	9:11	6:56

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:55	12:10
South	9:11	6:56

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

*Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butcher's Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Beck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
S. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSASSIN	
G. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Mrs. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

Plunged a Big Knife Into His Enemy's Neck.

Chino.—Pamfilio Orona, a Mexican section hand, was fatally wounded by another Mexican named Depulveda, dying from the effects of his wound two hours later. Depulveda, his father and another Mexican were engaged in conversation with the murdered man in front of Orona's house, when the latter made a move as if to strike the elder Depulveda. The son immediately drew a big knife and plunged it into Orona's neck below the left ear. The wounded man fell to the ground and his assailant fled. They were soon after lodged in jail. Orona and Depulveda had quarreled before.

Landslide Buries Railroad Tracks.

Salt Lake, Utah.—A special to the Herald from Evanston, Wyo., says that a landslide occurred at the east end of the Aspen tunnel, burying the Union Pacific tracks eighteen or twenty feet for a distance of 200 or 300 feet and badly caving in the end of the tunnel. It is thought the tracks cannot be cleared for at least twenty-four hours. No one was killed in the slide as far as known. The eastbound passenger train had just passed through the tunnel when the slide came down the mountain, just missing the train.

Tank Car Takes Fire.

Bakersfield.—A tank car in a train on the Southern Pacific, near Treves, south of Bakersfield, took fire from the sparks of a passing engine. The only damage done was to telegraph poles, which were burned down, cutting off all direct communication to the south.

EVENTS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important and Interesting Happenings of the Week Briefly Told.

THE LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES

short, crisp, pithy paragraphs that give the cream of the week's news in a form appreciated by all busy readers.

The French Bishop of Szechaub, the middle province in the western frontier of China, predicts a general Boxer rising throughout the province.

In the second round of what was scheduled as a ten-round go before the Butte, Mont., Athletic Club, Harry White knocked out Henry Taylor and the latter is dying at the hospital. Both were colored.

Returns from all the towns in Kansas, which held elections the other day, disclose the fact that the vote in favor of enforcing the prohibitory law is the most overwhelming in the history of the State. Only six towns of any importance in the State voted in favor of a liberal policy toward the saloons.

Frank C. Partridge of Vermont has been invited to represent the United States in the capacity of agent at Caracas in the adjustment of the claims of American citizens against Venezuela. Mr. Partridge was at one time United States Minister to Venezuela and was also Solicitor of the Department of State.

A dispatch from Honduras, received via San Salvador, announces that General Sierra has abandoned Nacaome and it is believed that he will flee to Salvador. The town of Coray has also been captured by the forces of General Bonilla, and only the Honduran capital, Tegucigalpa, now remains in the power of Sierra.

The will of Augustus F. Swift, late president of the packing firm of Swift & Co., has been filed in Probate Court at Chicago. The estate is valued at \$12,200,000. The principal feature of the will was a bequest of \$250,000 to charity. The greater part of the remainder of the estate is divided among the widow and children.

The steamer Victoria, which arrived at Victoria, B. C., from the Orient, brought the news that a party of Manchurians and Koreans in the employ of the Russian Government and Russian troops have massacred the Chinese garrison of Cha Kushi on the Yalu river. Russian officers from Moukden have proceeded to the locality.

The steamer Allegheny, which arrived at New York from Kingston and the Spanish Main, brought tidings of an eruption of the Volcano Del Tierra Firme, in Colombia, near Galera Zambra, March 22d, at 10 o'clock in the morning. During the eruption a village named Tiojo was destroyed and from sixty to 100 persons killed and injured.

A special from Lisbon, Portugal, says 150 men, belonging to the Eighteenth Infantry at Oporto, have mutinied owing to the belief that they were about to be sent to the Portuguese colonies in Africa. The men hold the barracks, shouting "Long live the republic!" and are threatening to shoot their officers if the latter attempt to approach.

News comes from Chih-Li of a Boxer rising in that province. Yuan Shih Kai, the Governor, is endeavoring to put down the movement. A rising occurred at Kulien Shien and on troops being sent to the scene a battle occurred in which there was large loss of life. Ten of the principal Boxers, among whom were eight women, were captured and beheaded.

A dispatch to the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger from St. Petersburg says thirty persons have been killed and 100 were injured during labor disturbances near Nijni Novgorod. The disturbance occurred at a large factory near Nijni Novgorod. The local civil authorities were unable to restore order. Troops were called out and artillery brought up and fired point blank into the midst of the rioters, killing thirty men and wounding 100.

Saturday was the date of the expiration of the treaty period fixed for the evacuation of the second province of Manchuria by Russia. During the

past fortnight the Russians have been removing their troops from the interior of the province, part of them going to Port Arthur, and the others to stations on the railway, but none leaving Manchuria. The local governments are being transferred to the Chinese. Prince Ching, president of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, expressed his satisfaction at Russia's fulfillment of the agreement.

An anti-race-suicide club has been formed by students of Columbia University. Eligibility for membership may be summed up thus: If you are single you agree to marry as soon as your income will allow, and your family must not number less than five; if you are married you agree to stay married, even unto the third or fourth wife, and the same family requirements prevail. It is said that the son of President Palma was one of the first members of the club, and that President Roosevelt is to be elected an honorary vice-president.

The Navy Department is informed that the collier Justin has left Cavite for the island of Ya, in the Caroline group, on her way to San Francisco. The trip to Yap is made for the purpose of taking there a lawyer from Georgia, who is looking out for the interests of certain residents of Georgia, who claim to be heirs of the late King O'Keefe of Yap, who is said to have left a valuable estate. The claimants are the wife and children of the alleged king. King O'Keefe had several dusky wives and children in his island kingdom and they will undoubtedly resist any attempt on the part of his American heirs to secure possession of any part of his estate.

Another world's record was lowered at Pensacola, Fla., when the battleship Iowa at target practice made thirty successive hits out of thirty shots with the six-pound guns. Three gun crews participated, each crew firing ten shots. The range was 1700 yards, and the battleship was steaming at twelve knots an hour, the target being stationary. Last week the Illinois broke the world's record with the thirteen-inch pieces. The feat of the Iowa, however, showed the marksmanship of the gunners to more advantage, for the reason that three crews were engaged. So successful has been the target practice off Pensacola that the Navy Department has ordered the North Atlantic fleet to remain there, postponing inspection by Admiral Dewey until the latter part of May.

DUN'S REVIEW OF BUSINESS CONDITIONS

Eastern Retail Trade Has Been Heavy Despite Unfavorable Weather.

New York.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

Aside from the prevalence of strikes and possibility of further interruption to industrial activity next month on this account the business outlook is most gratifying. Late frosts caused some damage early in the week, but lower temperatures did not continue, and in most sections agricultural products had not advanced sufficiently to suffer materially, while the prospects are bright for large crops and heavy sales of fertilizers testify to extensive operations. Despite some unfavorable weather Eastern retail trade has been heavy and jobbing activity in summer fabrics indicates expectation of a vigorous consumption as the season advances. There is less complaint regarding deliveries, due to better traffic facilities.

Makers of merchant pipes, tools, agricultural implements and all kinds of machinery have more business than can be handled promptly.

Beyond a moderate revival of export purchases for China there is no increase in the sales of cotton goods, both sellers and buyers wanting more definite information as to the future. Another rise in cotton material threatens a shut-down at several mills which have light supplies and few contracts. Manufacturers of men's heavyweight woolsens and worsteds receive few orders except for filling out sample lines and the situation is practically unchanged. Thus far fall business is below normal and clothiers are not seeking large supplies of material.

Leather is in better demand, the strike at Chicago tanneries stimulating purchases. Domestic hides have lost part of their recent recovery and imported skins are also somewhat cheaper.

Staple products are irregular as the season advances and speculation has again become a prominent factor. Failures this week numbered 197 in the United States, against 198 last year, and 15 in Canada, compared with 19 a year ago.

A HEAVY BLOW AIMED AGAINST ASIATIC LABOR

Mechanics of Hilo, in Hawaiian Group, Unite Against Yellow Aliens.

PETITION LEGISLATURE TO AID MOVEMENT

Would Have Licenses for Certain Trades in the Islands Granted Only to Citizens of United States—Japanese Hackmen Enter Protest.

Honolulu.—American mechanics of various kinds at Hilo, numbering 262, and including practically all the mechanics of Hilo other than Asiatics, have organized and adopted the following in an address to the Legislature:

"Believing that the interests of Hilo may be best served by encouraging American citizens to become identified with the prosperity of this section of the Territory, the undersigned chairmen, representing mechanic citizens of the United States, engaged in the various lines of structural contracting and representing the various allied trades identified with this proposed organization, do hereby agree that we will employ only citizen labor; that we will work only by the side of citizen labor; that we will not finish nor contract to finish any work begun by aliens; and that in all matters where aliens are in competition with American citizens we will give the preference to the latter in our personal dealings.

"Resolved, therefore, That the Territorial Government enact such legislation by direct taxation or otherwise as will bring about the desired result.

"Resolved, That it is the sentiment of the allied trades that contractors and mechanics be licensed, and, furthermore, that licenses be issued only to citizens of the United States."

A bill prohibiting the issuance of hack licenses to other than those who can read and write the English or Hawaiian languages, aimed at the Japanese and Chinese hackmen of Honolulu, has been passed by the House of Representatives. The Japanese hackmen, of whom there are forty-five in Honolulu, have protested to the Governor against the bill.

These matters are only indicative of the very strong feeling that has suddenly grown up in the Territory against Asiatics in every line of employment except plantation laborers.

Survives a Shock of Two Thousand Volts.

Chico.—While working on a telephone pole at a height of thirty-five feet, Stanley Flint came in contact with a wire which had crossed with an electric-power line of the Bay Counties Power Company, carrying about 2000 volts. The current passed through his body for fully half a minute before Ed Samuelson, a fellow workman, cut the wire which was lying on the ground and broke the current. Samuelson was knocked down by the current. Flint dropped to a step as soon as the current was broken and was held there by his safety belt until workmen lowered him to the ground. Notwithstanding the high voltage to which he was subjected, he has fully recovered.

Old Quicksilver Mine Sold.

San Jose.—The old Chapman quicksilver mine, beyond Oak Hill Cemetery, which has been lying idle since 1878, has been sold to a Boston and New York syndicate, and it is said that work will be at once resumed, the new company proposing to spend \$100,000 in making improvements and repairs. The mine was once the property of Thomas Bell, the deceased San Francisco millionaire.

Trouble in St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg.—Strikes have broken out at the Morhine Shoe Works, of the Russo-American Rubber Company, here, and bloody encounters have taken place between the strikers and the police. The Czar's advisers are endeavoring to dissuade him from taking his intended journey to Italy for fear of anarchists.

Rich Vein of Coal.

Butte, Mont.—A Miner special from Bozeman says that a rich strike of coal has been made near here. A tunnel has pierced a vein that is now seven feet in thickness and its width is increasing. The coal is of a high grade and is readily cokeable.

MEMORY OF MURDER MADE HIM A MANIAC

James Burk, Who Killed a Man in California, Dies in the Utah Insane Asylum.

Provo, Utah.—James Burk, an ex-convict, died at the State insane asylum Monday. The man had been confined to the institution for two years past. Remorse over his crimes drove him mad. Although a harmless maniac he was given to severe attacks upon himself when flashes of intelligence would bring back recollections of a murder he committed in Bakersfield, Cal., several years ago. It was that memory that drove him to the asylum.

Although he escaped the California officials he could not, as he said, escape himself. When he reached Utah three years ago he took to heavy drinking and after lying about the streets drunk for weeks committed burglary to get money, his cash supply having disappeared. He was caught by the police and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. In a few months he became a raving maniac and then in his ravings the officials learned of his California crime. It was too late to punish him, however. His conscience had meted out to him greater punishment and torture than the law could inflict.

End of a Chicago Strike.

Has Three Hundred and Fifty Strikes on Hand.

Indianapolis.—The executive board of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, which met here, will have a very busy session. It has now on hand 350 strikes in different parts of the United States. It will be necessary for the merits of each of these strikes to be ascertained and sanctions issued. There must also be appropriations to carry on the strikes now in progress and any others that may arise soon. The largest strike now in progress is that in New York city, which involves 6500 carpenters.

Former Exile in Bandit Ranks.

Manila.—Marino Llanera, formerly an exile on the island of Guam, has been arrested in Pampango, province of Luzon. He joined the revolutionary organization and accepted a commission from that body. The constabulary captured his commission and other incriminating documents. Llanera will be charged with brigandage, and possibly with treason, as he took the oath of allegiance when he left Guam.

SCORES BUTCHERED BY THE BULGARIANS

Mussulman Village Is Wiped Out and a Hundred and Sixty People Are Killed.

London.—The Times correspondent at Constantinople, in a dispatch dated April 11th, says the latest Bulgarian achievement is the total destruction of a small village of exclusively Mussulman population. One hundred and sixty-five persons, with the exception of a few who escaped by flight, were massacred. The women were subjected to indescribable mutilation.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from Cologne says: A dispatch from Constantinople to the Cologne Gazette says it is rumored in unprejudiced circles that a massacre similar to that known as the "Sicilian Vespers" is hanging over all Bulgarians in Constantinople. The barracks and all public buildings are closely guarded. The military attaches of the foreign legations and embassies have left or are leaving for the interior. The object of their trip is unknown.

"Sicilian Vespers" was the name given to the massacre of the French in Sicily on the day after Easter, March 30, 1282, the signal for the commencement of which was the first stroke of the vesper bell.

Seeking Privileges in Panama Canal.

London.—Negotiations are proceeding, according to the Birmingham Post, between the United States and Great Britain with the object of obtaining privileges for British commerce in connection with the Panama canal, when built. The Post says the concessions include opportunities for repairing and coaling ships and privileges helpful to the British squadrons in North Atlantic and West Indian waters, in return for facilities to be granted to the United States Navy.

At the age of 11 John Wanamaker was working in a Philadelphia store at \$1.50 a week. He now owns two of the largest stores in the United States.

TRACY TACTICS FAIL TO WORK

An Oregon Ranch Hand Emulates Bandit But Is Arrested Before Doing Any Harm.

Portland, Or.—Word has reached this city from the John Day country, in Eastern Oregon, of a startling episode in which Frank Burch, a ranch hand, emulated the well-known outlaw Tracy. Burch fired a number of shots, but fortunately was arrested before he had done any serious damage.

Burch worked for E. L. McBroom of Monument. He secured a gun and ordered W. A. Sweek, the first man he met, off his horse at the point of the rifle. Then Burch mounted the horse and proceeded to the McBroom ranch in a leisurely way, evidently looking for his employer. Having no success in that direction he forced H. E. Herz, another ranch hand, down from an apple tree and incidentally took a shot at him. He then located McBroom, who fled a mile. Burch followed after him and firing his gun.

Herz got a deputy sheriff at Monument and the two men ambushed Burch. The incipient Tracy swung off his horse as the two confronted him, threw his rifle over his saddle and prepared to fight. The officer fired and Burch's horse plunged so hard that it stunned the shielded man and he was then easily arrested.

Men Receive An Increase.

Denver.—Manager Edson of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad has granted an increase in wages of 5 per cent to engineers and firemen working on ordinary engines and of 7½ per cent to those on compound engines. The men had demanded 15 and 20 per cent increase, but will accept the compromise offered.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Glass Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY, Hay, Grain and Feed, ++ ++ Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves., South San Francisco, Cal.



We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old, honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

B. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Hobson threatens to write a novel. Guess who will be the hero of it.

Congress has passed a bill against hazing at Annapolis. The next thing to do is to enforce it.

Carnegie needn't worry. Venezuela refused to take his money; but Venezuela isn't the beginning and the end.

Nevertheless, the preachments of the wise men will continue to have no effect on the size of the average American family.

A Mexican multimillionaire wants to pay off part of his country's debt. What can be the matter with the man? Doesn't he believe in kind words?

Now that Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace has decided that the earth is the center of the universe, Chicago is ready to designate the center of this sphere.

Again Dr. Koch is proved mistaken. Dr. Koch's brain seems to have been a breeding ground for the germs of error. That is, conceding that his critics are right.

What a dearth of free advertising there would have been had the actress who was first to have her diamonds stolen been thoughtful enough to copy-right the scheme.

Poultny Bigelow thinks that Germany could whip us out of our boots. Well, it would be a new experience, to say the least, for the United States to be whipped, easily or otherwise.

After all, is there not some sense in what Hetty Green says—that churches which will not pay their debts are not worthy of continuing in business? Honesty is the best policy—except in the matter of taxes.

Germany war lord is naturally less inclined to emphasize "Love one another," as Professor Harnack suggests, than "keep my commandments," especially as the imperial theologian is likely to mistake the identity of the problem.

It is an occasion for public congratulation that the Supreme Court has dealt another blow to the lottery evil. The states have forbidden lotteries to do business, but they still exist and still do business. This final adjudication by affirming the constitutionality of pains and penalties imposed upon those who assist them to do business will make it more difficult for them to do it.

The cheerful unanimity with which the physicians pronounce Dr. Sejour's pituitary gland theory to be as old as the hills or absolute rubbish affords further demonstration of the great and abiding love which medical gentlemen bear one for another. When every doctor pronounces every other doctor to be a quack or words to that effect—it is small wonder that the laity occasionally takes the profession at its word.

Canada will perhaps before long realize that this treaty is not designed to submit the case to an arbitration at all, was not so intended by either England or the United States, but is merely a polite means of putting an end to boundary claims in behalf of which England has never been able to advance the first substantial argument and in opposition to which the United States has only to point to the British admiralty globes and maps, which fix the line precisely as the American contention now and always has placed it.

The most astounding discovery in connection with the recent raiding of the "get-rich-quick" men is the character of the men to whom the swindling circulars were sent. Upon the mailing lists are the names of 30,000 clergymen, 100,000 physicians and other professional and mercantile men in proportion. Of course, not all these men "bit." If one in a hundred did so it was enough for the swindlers. But how could any educated man have been so foolish as to expect from the unknown "something for nothing"? How could any moral teacher or any healer of men accept profits which could only be gained at the cost of cheating others?

The utterances of two Presidents—he of Harvard University and he of the United States—on the subject of the threatened extinction of the American family have revived the old talk about a tax on bachelors as a corrective of the pending menace. Doubtless many more women than we suspect have had worthy marriage opportunities at one time or another. Some have grown up with fanciful notions of the kinds of husbands they must have; some have made wealth rather than sturdy manhood the test. Establish a good, stiff tax on voluntary female celibacy and a generation or so would weed a lot of this sort of nonsense out of the sex at large. Let us give the bachelors a rest and try the effect of a threat, at least, on the fair ones.

In the interests of ante-matrimonial honesty and pre-nuptial frankness, the German courts have given a divorce to a woman who discovered only after marriage that her husband was bald. Before the wedding he nefariously con-

cealed his capillary lack by wearing a wig. The possibility of that ruling invading an American court is food for thought. However, should sweethearts confide to one another their physical decrepitude? Should the kneeling petitioner, asking for his loved one's hand, plead in tender accents: "Dearest, my teeth were made in Syracuse," or "Darling, the glitter of my eye will fade"? And should the coy and blushing maiden, loath to confess but eager to be won, confess, "Take me, though I am not what I seem"? There are many details of make-up, charming to the lover's biased gaze, that lose their glory during the fourth quarter of the honeymoon—the removable complexion, the adjustable hair, the jointed, self-acting anatomy, to say nothing of the thousand and one appurtenances which remain to the end mysteries to the masculine mind. Should all these enter into the matrimonial problem, then indeed a Daniel must come to judgment.

In all the discussion of the size of families which has been provoked by President Roosevelt's words on the subject, it is somewhat surprising that no one has gone back to Herbert Spencer and Walter Bagehot, both of whom considered the question with much care. Both concluded that as men and women became more intellectual, that as their brains and nervous systems grew larger and more complex, they would tend to have fewer children. It is not argued that intelligent parents may not or do not have large families, but simply that with increasing intellectuality the tendency is decidedly toward small families. The theory seems to be that with the strain of modern life and the pressure of the struggle for existence the brain has grown far larger, and that with this increasing brain there is a decreasing fertility. Doubtless this is a correct analysis. But it may be that the strain of life and the struggle for existence operate directly on the prudential faculties, as well as through the effect of the increased brain development. At any rate, there seems to be a natural law at work that we must acknowledge. But Mr. Bagehot goes further and insists that in an age of discussion—such as that which we have and are likely to have from now on—families are likely to be small. He agrees with Spencer that increasing intellectual power has a tendency to check reproduction, but he goes beyond and back of this and argues that nothing does so much to stimulate intellectual power as to live in a country where government by discussion prevails. If all this is true, is it surprising that there should be some decrease in the size of American families? For whether we are markedly intelligent or not, we are certainly prone to discussion. Possibly this matter of race preservation is being very well attended to. Multiplication should be on a diminishing scale. And with the substantial disappearance of the old checks on population, such as war, famine and pestilence, which formerly operated with a deadliness that we cannot now conceive of, and with the saving of life through better medical and surgical care, it may be that there is not such great need for large families as there once was. Nor is it a bad idea to have society recruited from what we speak of as the lower classes, which is what now seems to be going on. There are no indications that this country is soon to suffer from a lack of people to do its work. On the whole, therefore, it may be doubted whether there is any such problem before us as that which the President and those who agree with him speak of. Certainly the admiration of large families simply because they are large has nothing whatever to rest on. Quality must count for something, and the ability of the parents to care for their children must count for a great deal.

The King is supreme head and patron of the order, while the Prince of Wales has succeeded his father as grand prior. The ceremony of installation is held in the ancient chapter room at Clerkenwell.

The reception of a knight is a quaint and picturesque ceremonial. The postulant presents himself with a lighted taper in his hand and carrying his naked sword. Finally the

mantle of black with the white cross of eight points embroidered on the left side is thrown over him, and the brethren say: "We wear this white cross as a sign of purity; wear it also within thy heart as well as outwardly, and keep it without soil or stain. The eight points are the signs of the eight beatitudes, which thou ever must preserve—namely: 1. Spiritual joy. 2. To live without malice. 3. To weep over thy sins. 4. To humble thyself to those who injure thee. 5. To love justice. 6. To be merciful. 7. To be sincere and pure in heart. 8. To suffer persecution."

The embellishment for a Knight of Justice is this cross fashioned in gold and for a Knight of Grace a silver cross.

The Royal Knights, it may have been noticed, wear the cross in a more prominent position than of their other orders—that is, suspended from the neck by a ribbon.

Although originally an order for the defense of their religious principles, the watchword and mission of the Hospitallers have, from time immemorial, been mercy and succor. They sent men to attend the sick and wounded in the Crusades, and when the Franco-German war broke out many members of the order were continually engaged in the campaign. Then, at the outset of the South African war, the ambulance department of the order dispatched 2,046 men to the field and stationary hospitals. No less than sixty-two of the brigade succumbed to disease contracted in the performance of their noble work.

The St. John Ambulance Association, although an offshoot of the Order of St. John, has its management and finance kept quite independent. It commenced in a humble way with a two-wheeled litter, a triangular bandage and a stretcher. In a short time no fewer than thirty-eight wheeled litters had been supplied to London's metropolitan police alone.

Previously when an accident occurred, and it was necessary to carry an invalid in a recumbent position, a gate or a shutter had been considered to be the proper vehicle. This primitive method, however, is authoritatively pronounced very superior to the plan still too frequently adopted of derobatingly or others in praise of ourselves.

It's easy to believe one who speaks derogatorily of others or in praise of ourselves.

It's easy to believe one who speaks derogatorily of others or in praise of ourselves.

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IN the East Central district of London, in a thoroughfare that echoes day and night to the rumbling of railway cars and market wagons, stands a Tudor archway, mottled gray and black with age and smoke, that in itself summarizes the romance of eight centuries and symbolizes a great and noble work of today.

Who of the never-ceasing stream of workers that flows under St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, gives a thought to the good and doughty knights who since the crusades have found shelter behind its stout old walls? Who of the hurrying crowds suspects that today, as in the twelfth century, there issues from that crumpled, half-hidden doorway emissaries of mercy who carry hope and succor to sick and wounded in many lands? Many of these passers-by may themselves owe the preservation of their lives to the good offices of the men who quietly and without self-advertisement pursue a calling which has little reward save the satisfaction of easing pain and solacing the afflicted.

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The reception of a knight is a quaint and picturesque ceremonial. The postulant presents himself with a lighted taper in his hand and carrying his naked sword. Finally the



GRAND PRIOR INSTALLING A KNIGHT.

After a long chase, in which half a dozen of us took part, one of our number reached the boat much in advance of the others. He promptly sought an interview with the captain. When the others boarded the steamer he represented us as a gang of cut-throat boarding-house keepers, and persuaded the captain to lock us out of the cabin and have nothing to do with us. He was a well-dressed chap and a good story teller. Our clothes were rough and our manners worse. This may have had something to do with the success of his efforts. Before he left the captain he had sold the ship provisions enough to keep it supplied for six months.

Marshall P. Wilder, who, as the warning has already been given, is approaching the vaudeville circuits, is too adroit a story teller to confine his jokes to the coal famine. He doesn't mind interesting the women in the high price of produce, however. One of his late yarns is appended:

"I was in a fruit store on Broadway, where a woman was buying some apples. She noticed a few cucumbers on the counter, and said: 'You may put in half a dollar's worth of those.'"

The salesman looked at her inquiringly and remarked: 'You will have to buy a whole one, ma'am; we don't cut cucumbers.'"

Not a Necessity.

"What a luxury a clear conscience is!" exclaimed the high-minded statesman.

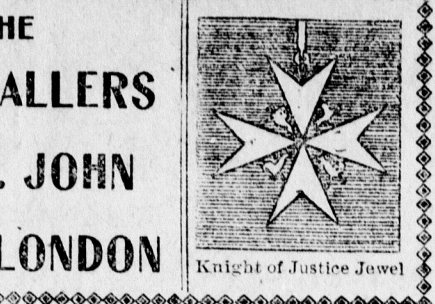
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "It's a luxury. But it isn't a necessity."—Washington Star.

Real Test of Altruism.

Little Willie—Pa. what's an altru-

ist?

His Father—A man, my child, who carries his umbrella all day without using it and then is glad it didn't rain on account of the people who had no umbrellas with them.—Judge.



Capt. R. H. Pratt has worked industriously for their education. The retirement from the Indian Industrial School at Carlisle, Pa., of Capt. R. H. Pratt, the superintendent, is a distinct loss to the cause of education. To him is due the credit of conceiving and, so far as practicable, of carrying out the idea that "the most effective way of getting civilization into the Indian is to get the Indian into civilization." He believes that the same system which converts the droops of European civilization into respectable, self-supporting American citizens will, if applied to the aborigines, produce the same results. He sees no reason why Indians should not be allowed an equal chance, at least, with the foreigners who annually flock to our shores by the hundred thousand.

Richard Henry Pratt was born in Allegheny County, N. Y. When he was quite young his parents removed to Indiana. His early opportunities for education were only those offered by the village school. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was among the first to answer the call for troops, enlisting in April, 1861. He served during the entire war, taking an active part in all the engagements of the Army of the Cumberland from Shiloh to Nashville, and was mustered out in May, 1865, as captain in the Eleventh Indiana cavalry. In 1867 he accepted a commission in the Tenth United States cavalry, and until 1875 was stationed on the frontier in Texas and the Indian territory.

During the Indian war of 1874-75 he had charge of hundreds of Indian prisoners at Fort Sill. Seventy-four of the worst of these were selected and sent in care of Capt. Pratt to the Spanish fort at St. Augustine, Fla. It may be said, too, that although these men were regarded as incorrigibles, and that although Capt. Pratt was their jailer and took them to Florida in chains, by his humane and reasonable treatment of them he won their affection, and the survivors even now regard him as their best friend. Some of them have children at the Carlisle School, where they permitted them to come, because they knew that Capt. Pratt would have charge of them. When he visits the Indian territory they greet him with demonstrations of affection quite unlike the traditional stolidity of the red man, effectually refuting the charge that the Indian is by nature ungrateful and vindictive.

Capt. Pratt was given charge of the Carlisle Industrial School, which had been created out of an old barracks at that place. The school started with 136 students. In the nearly quarter of a century which has intervened thousands have gone out to careers of usefulness. The pupils are first taught to speak English, and then are given a primary education, in connection with a knowledge of some common and practical industry, so that each pupil may be furnished with some means of self-support among civilized people. To this end regular shops and two farms have been provided, where the principal mechanical arts, such as printing, blacksmithing, shoemaking, harness-making, tailoring, wagonmaking, carpentering, painting and tinning are taught, and the boys also acquire a practical knowledge of farming and the care of stock. Not a few of these pupils have found employment and located in civilized communities. The girls are taught cooking, sewing, laundry and housework. After some preliminary training in the school, eight young women entered regular training schools for nurses in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Six of these have completed the prescribed course, and are now doing the same work as white nurses, and receiving the same wages. Others occupy positions as teachers, seamstresses and housekeepers. Many of the young men have gone out from the school to occupy responsible posts.

Bees in Mourning.

Riding through a country part of Pennsylvania recently a man noticed a beehive with a black ribbon wound around it. "That is a singular way of holding a hive together," he remarked. "Why didn't they use a piece of rope?"

"That isn't to hold the hive together," returned his companion, a woman who had lived most of her life in the country. "There has been a death in the family and the beehive has been put in mourning."

"Dead bees?"

"No. A dead man, woman or child in the family."

"Well, what on earth do they put that black ribbon on the hives for? Do they bind crape on the horns of the family cow, or tie up the plow horses' tails with it when anybody dies?"

"You may laugh," returned the woman, "but it is a common thing in New England where people have beehives to put black around them when somebody in the family dies. They believe the bees will fly away from the hive and go to some other place if they are not notified of this domestic sorrow in this way. You know bees are very punctilious," she added, convincingly.

"And I know New Englanders have horse sense," he rejoined, dryly, according to the New York Times. "You'd better send this point in agriculture to our friend Maeterlinck, who somehow failed to remark on it in his book on the bee."

That serpent in the garden of Eden wasn't in the L. L. D. class, but he understood human nature all right.

In crying over spilt milk, a man stops long enough to claim it was cream.

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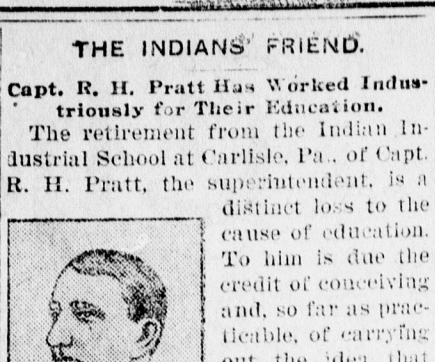
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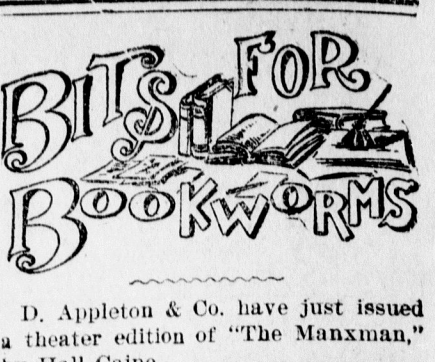
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D. Appleton & Co. have just issued a theater edition of "The Manxman," by Hall Caine.

The Canadian edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" is the largest edition of any single novel ever sold to the Canadian market in advance of publication.

Edward W. Townsend has entirely abandoned his "Chimney Fadden" vein and struck a novel idea in "A Summer in New York," which Henry Holt & Co. will publish shortly.

Frances Charles, the young San Francisco author whose "In the Country God Forgot" was favorably received a year ago, has written "The Siege of Youth," a story of the present day, with its scenes in San Francisco. It deals with art, with journalism, and with human nature.

In "No Hero," the early publication of which is announced by Charles Scribner's Sons, E. W. Hornung is said to be seen in an altogether different vein from that presented by "The Amateur Crackman" and "The Shadow of the Rope," but with all the interest of these and former novels.

"A Daughter of the Pit," just published, is the first novel by Mrs. Margaret Doyle Jackson, whose father was an English army officer. Her early life was spent in the north of England, where she saw a great deal of the colliery life which her novel portrays. She now lives in New York City.

Henry Holt & Co. are sending Professor Kuno Francke's "History of German Literature" to press for the sixth time. One reason for the popularity of this work is the author's remarkable sympathy with and understanding of the great modern German dramatists, like Hauptmann and Sudermann.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is one of the oldest story-tellers now writing for the English-reading public; he also writes verse and he is one of the most famous physicians. His latest volume, "A Comedy of Conscience," about to be issued by the Century Company, is a "detective" story with distinct psychological and ethical interest.

Frank L. Stanton is as much beloved in his Georgia home as friend and companion, by those who know him best, as he is for his quaint and haunting melodies. Long before his songs made him known in the world of letters he had won an established place in the hearts of Georgians by his humorous and always good-natured and charming writings in the papers. The first songs were exceedingly brief, humble, and tentative. He was trying the flight of his muse. They were the prelude only, and soon, from a fuller and more strenuous throat, came the thrillingly sweet music of the people's hearts in "Songs of the Soil," published eight years ago, and to be followed now by "Up from Georgia." Stanton is essentially a poet of the people, like a new Burns.

Distinguished literary men are just like ordinary folk, after all. They do not live in a cloud of inspiration, and the incense that people burn under their noses is likely to choke them. Mark Twain once told a hysterical admirer that he had written a cramp early in his career. When asked what he took for it, he answered, "Beefsteak."

Samuel Johnson, although not an ordinary man in any of his ideas or habits, took a very common-place view of his profession. He said that a man was a fool to write for anything but money, and when asked if he did not like to write, answered that it is not pleasant to write, but it is pleasant to have written. The other day, says the Argonaut, an inquisitive lady was talking with James Whitcomb Riley about the poor material reward that comes to poets. "But, Mr. Riley," she said, "you have no cause for complaining. You must be a very rich man. I understand you get a dollar a word for all you write." "Ye-es, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl; "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a single word."

First Nights in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia is more like London than any other American city in its unmanageable gallery. Mr. Sothern produced "The King's Musketeer" there and the first performance lasted very late. In the last intermission the gallery boys sang, "We won't go home until morning," and when, in the final act, the queen majestically struck a gong, a boy called out, "Heavens, it's one o'clock!" Miss Ethel Barrymore, who was brought up in Philadelphia by her grandmother, the late Mrs. John Drew, long the favorite actress-manager of the city, made her stellar debut there in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." The gallery cheered her through the performance by calling her "Our Ethel," and reminding her at frequent intervals that "We knew your grandmother, and you're all right." At the end of the play, when she led Mr. Fitch forth, they showed very plainly that they didn't want him but only their "Ethel." "You're play's rotten," they called, "but you're the real thing, Ethel!"—Leslie's Monthly.

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OLD FAVORITES

Ben Bolt.
Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we lay in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden days.

Do you mind the cabin of log, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which hung to the doorpost stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shady nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were school-mates then
There are only you and I.

There is a change in the things I loved,
Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale.
—Thomas Dunn English.

The Holy City.
Last night I lay a sleeping there came
A dream so fair,
I stood in old Jerusalem beside the temple
There,
I heard the children singing, and ever as
They sang,
Methought the voice of angels from
Heaven in answer rang.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, lift up your gates
And sing,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your king.

And then methought my dream was changed,
The streets no longer rang,
Hush! were the glad Hosannas, the little
Children sang,
The sun grew dark with mystery, the
Moon was cold and chill,
As the shadow of a cross arose upon a
Lonely hill.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, hark! how the
Angels sang,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your king.

And once again the scene was changed,
New earth there seem'd to be,
I saw the Holy City beside the tideless
Sea;
The light of God was on its streets, the
Gates were opened wide,
And all who would might enter, no one
Was denied.
No need of moon or stars by night, nor
Sun to shine by day,
It was the new Jerusalem that would
Not pass away,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, sing for the night
Is o'er,
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna for-
evermore.
—F. B. Weatherly.

"RUBBERNECKING" ACCIDENTS.

Five Women Hurt Daily in Chicago Because They Will Stare.

Five women a day, according to the police reports, are hurt in the shopping districts by street cars or other vehicles running into them. Some of the cases are serious and demand the removal of the injured persons to the hospital or their homes. The great majority of these accidents, crossing policemen declare, are due to what is vulgarly called "rubbernecking."

"Nine women out of ten who are hurt by street cars or vehicles drawn by horses have only themselves to blame," said an officer, who for several years had guarded a State street crossing. "I have seen dozens of women injured down here in the retail district, and I never saw one who met with an accident who was not 'rubbernecking.' For instance, a woman will start to cross the street with an armful of bundles. Half way over, in the middle of the car tracks, she turns around to look at a woman who has passed her from the opposite direction. Perhaps it was the woman's hat, or the hang of her skirt that caused the other woman to stop and 'take her in.' At any rate she stands there like a block of stone, deaf to the clanging of the car bell and the shouts of the people who see her danger. Finally, after she has fastened her eyes on the hat or skirt, or whatever it was that caught her fancy, she wakes up and finds a street car or vehicle of some kind bearing down on her. She is confused, and doesn't know which way to turn. The chances are 100 to 1 that she will step in front of the car or carriage, if she has to run five feet to do it, and then the ambulance is called. She tells her husband and everybody else that the motorman or gripman, as

the case might be, tried to deliberately run her down.
"The same is true of a great many men who are injured down town. Two men out of five (that's the conservative estimate) will turn around ten times in walking one block to look at women who attract their notice. And, do you know, it's a habit with a whole lot of men. I know some of the most respectable men in Chicago, who in every other way are model husbands, who are victims of this habit of 'rubbernecking.' If a woman attempted to flirt with them they would take to the woods, but they will turn around and secretly admire some women they never saw before and never expect to see again."—Chicago Tribune.

FOLLOWED THE RAILROAD.

Knobnoster, Missouri, Pulled Up and Moved North.

The story of a Nebraska village, Benton, on the Platte river, left high and dry by the Union Pacific Railroad, which "shied off" in another direction, has often been told. The Bentonites put their furniture, cattle, houses and barns on flatboats, and floated down to a location near the railroad and rebuilt there. The New York Sun tells the story of another western town called Knobnoster, which has done a similar thing twice.

For years before the Missouri Pacific Railroad was extended across the State from St. Louis, Knobnoster was a post village at which the stage coaches used to stop for water for their horses and food for their passengers. The civil engineers of the Missouri Pacific finally entered the country, and ran the line about two miles to the north of the town.

The old town waked up for the first time in its existence. Most of the houses were put on wheels and moved over to the new site.

Just about the time the new Knobnoster began to look like a town, the railroad authorities concluded to shift the projected line. They decided upon a cut-off, which left the new town out in the grass and the hazel brush. A town site on the cut-off was laid out about two miles still further to the north. The railroad was constructed and a station erected.

The new town sulked for a while, but finally an old doctor moved over by the station to act for the railroad company, and his patients had to follow. One by one the houses, or most of them, were moved over by the station and rebuilt.

In a year the entire town had changed its location a second time, and was huddled about the railroad station, where it has remained ever since. But for a good many years the people watched the railroad with suspicion.

Returned to Roost.

One of the theories of James B. Reynolds, the head of the University Settlement Society in New York, and now Mayor Low's private secretary, is that much of the drunkenness on the part of poor and ignorant men is caused by the fact that their equally poor and ignorant wives do not know how to cook nourishing food properly, and that, exhausted by manual labor and insufficiently nourished, their systems naturally crave stimulants. One day this theory came home to roost. The husband of an Irishwoman had beaten her unmercifully, says the New York correspondent of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and had been locked up for it. The morning after the wife approached Mr. Reynolds.

"Oh, sir," she said, in great distress, "come and help me get my Michael out. Sure, I had 'im locked up last night for beatin' me; but for the love of heaven come and help me get him out!"

Her face was badly banged up, her head was bandaged, and she walked with a limp.

"But you don't want to get him out," said the settlement worker. "He's almost killed you. Leave him in. It will do him good. I'll see that you don't suffer for lack of his wages while he's in prison."

"Oh, no," she said, "twas all my fault. You told me it was bad cookin' drove 'em to the rum shops, and faith, I cooked the praties in the same old way. Of course he got drunk. 'Twas my own fault. I didn't cook 'em in the way I was told at the settlement, and of course he got drunk."

What Did She Mean?

They were at supper. Between the courses the young man with the voracious appetite discoursed eloquently on things in general.

"Do you know, Miss Dash," he remarked, "I think there is a very intimate relation between our food and our character. I believe, don't you know, that we grow like what we are the most fond of."

The fair girl smiled sweetly.
"How interesting!" she murmured.
"May I pass you the ham, Mr. Jones? I am sure you will like it."
And the young man relapsed into deep thought.—London Answers.

Got the Worst of It.

A prominent Philadelphia clergyman tells this story on himself: "It was Sunday morning, and I had started for church. The family were preparing to follow, when the youngest, a five-year-old, protested, 'I do not want to go to church.'"

"I don't feel much like it myself, Fred, this morning," replied his mother, "but we must go. Father has to go—he has gone already, and he has to preach."

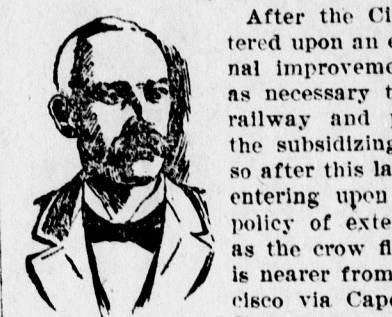
Oil Grinds the Wheat.

An oil motor from Indianapolis is grinding wheat on Mt. Lebanon.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

AMERICA'S PROGRESSIVE POLICY.

By Leslie M. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury.



L. M. SHAW.

After the Civil War the nation entered upon an extensive policy of internal improvement, subsidizing so long as necessary transcontinental lines of railway and permanently continuing the subsidizing of rivers and harbors, so after this later war we appear to be entering upon an equally progressive policy of external improvement. Not as the crow flies, but as ships sail, it is nearer from Liverpool to San Francisco via Cape Horn than from New York to the same port via the southern extremity. Start two ships of equal speed from Liverpool, going to our Pacific coast, one through the Suez Canal and the other by Cape Horn, and two vessels of the same speed from New York, one going westward and the other eastward, and both English vessels will reach their destination before either of ours. Cut the isthmian canal, and it is nearer from New York to Hong Kong via Nicaragua than from Liverpool to the same point via the Suez.

We must have the largest merchant fleet ever kissed by ocean breezes, and these carriers of international commerce must be built of American material in American yards by American labor. They are to be manned by American sailors, fired by American coal or, more probably oil, and they are to float the stars and stripes.

Whether this will be accomplished through government aid or by American patriotism and American capital and American energy I cannot say. Whether this consummation shall be contributed to by statesmen or achieved by financiers is immaterial compared with the importance of the thing itself. American wealth, American energy, plus Hawaii, which is ours, plus the Philippine Islands, which are ours, plus the isthmian canal, which we will surely build, transfers the sovereignty of the Pacific Ocean from the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes.

HOW YOUNG MEN MAY RISE.

By Samuel Brill, New York Merchant.

I began my business career as a newsboy. My beginning in life was a humble one. I was only 13 years of age when I left the school I was attending and started out to earn a living. Even at that early age I had a thirst for knowledge and availed myself of every opportunity to improve my mind. I picked up papers in the street and bought second-hand books with the few pennies I could spare and took them home and read them evenings. Young men who are now occupying subordinate positions in stores or workshops have the same material from which to draw inspiration and assistance that I had, the only difference being that now there is more of it.

I only had \$150 when I started in business with my brother, who had a similar amount, but I had what I would to-day call courage, or a something within me that gave me confidence to struggle on toward the goal of success. By keeping a careful watch on my expenses, by living very simply, even after fortune had begun to smile on us the business grew rapidly.

To-day we have over 200 employees in our four establishments. I have an excellent chance to study men, to analyze their motives and watch their efforts to get on in the world. If young men will follow my advice, which is born of experience, and will deny themselves what they call luxuries in their younger days, say between 18 and 28, and save their money, when they are 30 years of age they will have accumulated a few hundred dollars with which to start in business for themselves or to lay the foundation of a substantial bank account. They can engage in the same line of business as their employer, on a

WITH PENCIL AND WITH INK.

A little boy came from his school one day.

With his heart in a flurry of ideas:

"Oh, papa! they've taken your pencils

away.

And I'm writing with ink," said he.

For it joyed him much to think,

He has laid his pencil and slate aside,

And is writing his words with ink.

Ah, innocent child! could you guess the truth

You would ask of the years to stay

Amid these slate-pencil doings of youth,

For a year will wash them away.

But out in the great world of life and men

The wrongs that we do and think,

We cannot so easily blot out again.

Because we then write them with ink.

The Point of View

MABEL TRAVERS stood at the gate and watched her lover's retreating figure until it disappeared round a bend in the road.

There was a discontented expression on her handsome face as she walked slowly back to the house and entered her mother's drawing room.

Mrs. Travers looked up from her work as Mabel, with a little impatient sigh, threw herself into a chair.

"Well, dear?" she said brightly.

"Well?" returned Mabel in a tone that implied the contrary.

"Is anything the matter?" asked her mother.

"You haven't quarrel with Leslie, I suppose," she added, playfully.

"No—yes—at least, really, I'm not quite sure," was the unexpected reply.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Travers.

"Mother, it's horrible to marry a poor man!"

Mrs. Travers looked at her daughter in pained surprise.

"My darling!" she said, reproachfully.

"Oh, I know I'm a wretch to say it, and—perhaps I don't mean it—and yet—yet—"

"Don't be afraid to tell me, dear."

"Mother, Leslie and I have been having a business talk. That's what he called it. It was hateful!"

"But very necessary," Leslie was wise, darling."

smaller scale, and by studying the situation carefully and by keeping constantly on the alert, they will be able to climb the ladder of success.

This is not idle talk; it is experience. The young man who is indifferent to his surroundings remains in a rut. The one who is energetic, not afraid of work and is known as a hustler, commands a good salary or starts in business for himself.

HOW HUSBANDS ARE SPOILED.

By Edith Joscelyn.

An excellent proverb of Russia runs to the effect that in the relations of two persons—and it is more true when one is a man and the other a woman—"one kisses, the other turns the cheek."

A too-adoring wife—or a wife who shows her love too much—is very apt to produce a selfish husband—a man who is "never satisfied."

Thus, out of the very wealth of her love, she proceeds to manufacture a selfish man!

"But mustn't we show people that we love them?" asks the adoring little woman despairingly. Yes, of course you may, my dear, and if you do it wisely you will lift up and improve those to whom you give your heart and devotion.

But all human things are fallible. Therefore you must temper your love with discretion and wise, far-seeing discrimination. Do not "spoil" your husband. Do not allow the love which ought to be the guiding star of his life which should be a stepping stone to higher things, to make him into a selfish, exacting, fault-finding person.

It is common enough. A wife often becomes selfish because of her husband's great love. A man who started marriage with only a normal average share of masculine selfishness is frequently transformed during the first year of matrimony into an impatient, inconsiderate man, who is always demanding, never giving.

If he discovers that you are awed before the majesty of his criticism, he will be puffed up with an undue sense of his importance. By all means try to have everything in the home life as perfect as possible. But do not let him think that it is all done for his sake—done lest he might complain.

"I never go away from home for a day without Tom. I feel he might not be so comfortable. I'm sure he would feel terribly neglected if I went off on a visit enjoying myself, while I left him to the tender mercies of the servant," continued Mrs. Smith. "But there's no satisfying him."

It would be the finest thing in the world for Tom if he were made to feel "neglected" for a bit, while his wife enjoyed herself elsewhere.

If we have an "angel in the house" we are too apt to be unaware of the privilege. Absence makes us miss her. Tom would think a great deal more of his wife if she were not always on the spot when he wanted her.

GOVERNMENT BY INJUNCTION.

By John Mitchell, President United Mine Workers.

Government by injunction is one of the most insidious, harassing and dangerous methods resorted to by the enemies of workingmen to destroy labor organization and to circumvent the constitutional right of trial by jury. The whole system of government by injunction grows from the distrust of the ultra capitalists for democratic institutions. The reasons given for the issuing of injunctions are always misleading and false. So far as these injunctions are issued in labor cases they are never issued excepting in such cases as call for the exercise of the criminal law. Government by injunction is not only hostile to organized labor, but it is hostile to constitutional liberty. If the American people do not check this arbitrary power, it will result in the annihilation of labor unions and then of all other forms of association disliked by capitalists.

"Yes—I suppose so. He said that, as we were to be married so soon now, it was only right that I should know exactly what he could offer me."

"Oh, mother, I had no idea that Leslie was so miserably poor!"

Mrs. Travers eyed her daughter with a troubled look.

"He has never made any secret of his income," she said.

"I know; but I didn't realize how little it was till he went into all the wretched details about rent, and servants, and housekeeping money, and all the rest of it. Oh, it all seemed so mean and sordid!"

And Mabel flung out her hands with a little gesture of impatience.

"I am very sorry to hear you say that, Mabel," said Mrs. Travers gravely. "It almost makes me afraid."

she went on hesitatingly, "you ought never to have promised to marry Leslie. Perhaps you are not the right kind of wife for him, dear."

"Mother!"

Mrs. Travers rose from her chair and laid her hand lightly on the girl's dark head.

"Tell me, child," she said, "do you really and truly care for him?"

At this Mabel hid her face in her hands and burst into a flood of tears.

"I do love him," she sobbed, "but—but—oh, I don't know what is the matter with me!"

And the girl spoke truly. She knew that she loved Leslie, yet she was miserably conscious of disappointment and disillusionment. That day she had realized, for the first time, the prosaic meaning of a limited income. She had been accustomed to think vaguely of poverty as a rather romantic kind of thing that made love all the more delightful. Leslie's statement of hard facts had scattered all her pretty, sentimental notions to the winds. Her heart had sunk within her as she listened to her lover's description of their future home—a modest villa in the suburbs, with one maid to assist her in her household duties. She dreaded the prospect of all the petty economies they would be obliged to practice, and for a moment, though she hated herself for it the next, she had felt almost angry with Leslie because he was not a richer man. She loved Leslie, she told herself again and again, and yet—

Something of all this the girl confided to sob out in her mother's sympathetic ear, and as Mrs. Travers listened, the look of perplexity on her

face gradually changed to one of relief.

"I think I understand," she said.

"Oh, I'm a horrid, mercenary wretch!" cried Mabel.

"No, I don't think you're that," replied her mother, quietly, "only—well, want of money is never a pleasant thing. We all love wealth and prosperity, and it's perfectly natural that a woman should want her husband to be rich rather than poor. I don't blame you, dear, for regretting Leslie's poverty; only I thought you cared for him less because of it—"

"Oh, no, no," cried Mabel eagerly.

"Mother, you don't think that I meant that!"

"I was afraid at first, when you spoke so bitterly," replied Mrs. Travers gently. "But I know now I was mistaken."

"Mother, I'm beginning to see things more clearly," said the girl, with a sudden brightening of her face, "if Leslie were a pauper I should grieve horribly, but I shouldn't give him up!"

Mrs. Travers began to laugh.

"Well, it isn't as bad as that, is it?" she returned. "After all, Leslie has quite a respectable income. I admit it might be larger, but then, there's every prospect of its increasing as time goes on. Do you know, Mabel," Mrs. Travers continued, "you're just a little bit inclined to exaggerate your future husband's straitened circumstances?"

"Perhaps I am," admitted Mabel.

"But then—"

"Oh, I know what is in your mind," interrupted her mother. "Poverty is always comparative, and so, because you have been accustomed to a big house with plenty of servants, a little house with only one servant must seem poor and mean to you."

Mabel looked puzzled.

"You see," said Mrs. Travers, "when you compare the big house with the little one, you're comparing your father's position with Leslie's, and the one, you know, is nearly thirty years older than the other."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mabel, with starting emphasis. "What a silly child I am!"

And Mrs. Travers smiled in a satisfied way. She knew that her daughter was cultivating the proper frame of mind.

"And I never thought of that! I actually expected Leslie to start where father left off! Why, of course, it's

unreasonable. Mother, I remember now what you told me once—things have come to you gradually. You and father began just as Leslie and I are going to begin!"

"Well—no, not quite," returned Mrs. Travers.

"But you were almost as poor, weren't you?"

Mrs. Travers laughed gaily.

"If you must know, my dear," she said, "your father's salary when I married him was exactly half the income Leslie is making now."

"Mother," said Mabel, "you make me more and more ashamed of myself."

"Oh, but ours was a dangerous experiment. You see, our income was below the minimum of discretion."

"Anyhow, the experiment ended happily."

"As it happened."

Mrs. Travers blushed charmingly.

"It was a risk, though, which I shouldn't like you and Leslie to run."

"You think I don't love Leslie as much as you loved father, and no wonder, after the way I've behaved," said Mabel, humbly.

"Mother, I wish—I wish Leslie were as poor as father was, so that I might show you—"

The sentence was elliptical, but Mabel's mother understood.—New York News

BUSY MEN SHORT OF FRESH AIR.

Indoor Workers Find It Difficult to Renew Store of Oxygen.

Men of affairs in New York find it as difficult to get fresh air as exercise. Some of them find time for an hour with an athletic trainer, but are too occupied to devote another hour to taking the air; that is a long process nowadays in this city. It is a long process nowadays that the men who are absorbed by the large matters of life here are those who are most strenuously urged by the physicians to take the air, says the New York Sun.

Certain maladies to which they are especially subject are best treated by periods of time passed out of doors. Golf, for instance, yields more promptly to such a course than to any other. But it happens to be just the thing that most busy men are unable to do.

One or two of the athletic trainers whose services are so much in demand at high prices have all their clients work in what is practically the open, as the windows are unclosed and the patients protected from the cold by heavy clothing. But more usual is the prescription of a doctor who has numbered many well-known men among his patients. He told them to ride always with the windows of their cars open, whatever the weather might be. By that means the journey to and from their offices could always be made a method of taking the air.

And most of those who tried the prescription were so convinced of its value that they stuck to it. William C. Whitney attributes his general good health for years to his devotion to this habit, and he has not been seen in a long time riding in a carriage with the windows closed, no matter how cold the weather.

No Ready Money.

At a Princeton alumni dinner held recently at one of the New York hotels President Woodrow Wilson alluded to the genius of John Hopkins as a money-maker, and said that on one occasion, when Mr. Hopkins was more intent on accumulating wealth than on the wise disposition of it, three young men waited upon him to ask help for the local Young Men's Christian Association. The New York Times repeats the story:

"But I have no money," Mr. Hopkins said; "that is, I have no ready money. I have a little property, but that, of course, is not available. I don't see how I can aid you."

"Well, Mr. Hopkins," said the spokesman, "we shall be glad to take your note."

"Um, hum! Now that's clever! You shall have it." And he forthwith wrote his note for three thousand dollars, payable in six months. As he handed it over, he said, "Tell me now what you are going to do with this."

"We shall turn it into cash."

"But, see here," said Mr. Hopkins, "what will that cost you?"

"Six per cent."

"That will never do. It's too much. I'll discount it myself for four."

"And he did," added President Wilson, "although he had no 'ready' money."

Strength of the Ants.

A. R. Miller recently weighed a small ant and a dead grasshopper which it was dragging to its nest. The weight of the grasshopper was found to be sixty times greater than that of the ant. The force exerted by the ant in dragging the grasshopper along the road was therefore proportionately equal to that of a man weighing 150 pounds pulling a load of four and one-half tons, or a horse of 1,200 pounds a load of thirty-six tons.

Browning by Phonograph.

Robert Browning's words and tones have been preserved. He spoke into a phonograph cylinder some time before his death. Ten or a dozen years ago there was a gathering of notable at the Chelsea residence of the late Rev. Hugh Haweis to hear the instrument give back the voice of the dead poet. The precious cylinder is kept in the British Museum.

Dropping a Gentle Hint.

Timid Lover—Your parents seem to have gotten over their dislike for me?

Yes. When we first met they were afraid it might lead to something.—Life.

It takes a strong-minded woman to convince herself that she is homely.

THE ENTERPRISE. UNCLE SAM GOVERNS HIS CLOCKS BY

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SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1906.

George Washington was named the "Father of His Country." Booker T. Washington may well be called the "Father of His Race in America."

In New York on April 14th a 210-pound woman was picked up bodily and carried twenty-seven feet and then whirled and rolled half a block by a 46-mile-an-hour blizzard. The dispatch does not tell what became of the featherweights.

Eight millions of negroes in the Southern States makes a good sized race question. It is a question the Southern people must solve for themselves. They may be trusted to do it, and do it right. There is some heat and excitement over the subject at present, but common sense will cool it, and the mutual interests of both races in that section will prevent any permanent wrong to the negro in the final adjustment.

The past sixty days has been a season of quietude and waiting in the history of this town. But a change has already set in. The Fuller Company is putting the men laid off some weeks ago at work again. The business at the packing-house following the Lenten season is running full handed. The Steel Company has resumed construction work. The S. P. Company is putting in a pumping plant at the oil tank. The stone quarry is constantly increasing its working force. Everywhere there is activity and increase of business. This season opens auspiciously. This promises to be a good year in the history of our town. It is a good time to buy lots and a good time to build dwelling houses. There is good money and no risk in both.

HOLDING A CIGAR.

Points in a Man's Character the Act Is Said to Disclose.

Did you ever notice the different ways men hold cigars or cigarettes? Did you ever observe how you yourself hold one?

There are about a dozen different ways, and probably no two men hold their cigars exactly alike.

A judge of human nature may pick up interesting points as to character from watching smokers.

One man will hold his cigar firmly between thumb and forefinger. He is usually a resolute, tenacious man, strenuous or merely phlegmatic, as the case may be, but never lazy. His fingers are stumpy.

Another man holds the cigar loosely between his first and second fingers. He is apt to be graceful, lazy, irresponsible, a man of artistic temperament, but not a hustler. His fingers are long and tapering.

A third man will carry his cigar with the lighted end turned in toward the palm, the hand held scoop shape around it. He picked up that trick when smoking on the sly as a boy, fearing papa might break suddenly into the game. He is usually of a secretive nature and not marked by any special tendency to frankness.

A fourth will hold his cigar awkwardly, nervously gripping it and often staring at it inquisitively to see how it is burning. He is not a "natural smoker," nor is he apt to be what is known as a "good fellow." He is usually anxious to conciliate others and has not great force of character.

Watch the man behind the cigar and see if all these character drawings are not correct.—New York World.

Concerning the Letter "Y."

A writer in Science denies that the letter "y" is a lineal descendant from the Roman "Y," which in the time of Cæsar was borrowed from the Greek alphabet to represent upsilon in the translation of Greek names. The latter is only used, he says, as a vowel to transliterate upsilon in loan words either direct from the Greek or indirectly through Latin or French. In a great majority of cases the English "y" is a semiconsonant corresponding in value with the continental "j." Along with the other Roman letters, "y" was adopted by the Anglo-Saxons from the Latin alphabet, with a value approximating to that of "i." In fact, he claims that there is not a lineal descendant of the Anglo-Saxon "y" now in existence. The letter "y" in modern English words is, curiously enough, he claims, not a "y" at all, but a lineal descendant of the Anglo-Saxon "g," which was the Roman "G" evolved by the Romans out of an earlier "C."

Superstitions.

The Man—Let me sell you this new and very interesting work.

The Other Man—I don't need to. My barber bought one last week.—Kansas City Independent.

UNCLE SAM GOVERNS HIS CLOCKS BY OBSERVING ONE OF THE FIXED STARS.



THE United States government does not make use of the sun in reckoning time, but instead one of the "fixed stars" as they are called. Every clear night an astronomer with a big telescope looks at certain of these stars and makes his calculations, from which he can tell just when the sun would cross the 75th meridian. One of the great clocks in the observatory is called the transmitter, because it transmits or sends out the signal that keeps standard time. This clock is set and regulated by the star-time and then every day at 3 minutes and 15 seconds before 12 a switch is turned on and the beats of the pendulum of this clock are sent by electricity over the wires to the telegraph offices in Washington and New York. When the telegraph operators hear this sound on their instruments they know that the noon signal is about to be sent out and they at once begin to connect the telegraph wires with other towns and cities until in a minute or two the "tick, tick" of the clock at Washington is heard in hundreds of telegraph offices. The beats stop at 10 seconds before 12 as a notice that the next tick will be the noon signal, and so as to give the operators time to connect their clocks. There are time balls in great many cities—usually on top of some prominent building, where they can easily be seen. The one at Washington is on the roof of the State, War and Navy Department Building, at the top of a high pole, ready to drop the instant the signal comes over the wires. In the government offices at Washington and in many places in other cities there are large clocks connected with the observatory by electricity. These are so arranged that when the 12 o'clock signal is flashed over the wires the hands of each one of these clocks spring to 12, no matter what time the clock may show; in this way hundreds of clocks are set to the correct time each day.

Well, the moment the sun is supposed to cross the 75th meridian the telegraph instruments give a single tick, the time-balls drop, the clocks begin to strike and everybody in the district knows it is 12 o'clock.

OF LITTLE THEY GIVE MUCH

Poor human nature is at least as robust in the slums as it is among the brownstone fronts. Good and evil go together in the tenements, says Jacob Rits in "The Battle With the Slums," and oftentimes the evil is prominent merely because it is nearer the surface. Here, as elsewhere, the good outweighs the bad. Two or three simple stories which Mr. Rits tells are sufficient to make one accept his optimism.

I remember, he says, a tenement at the bottom of a back alley, where I once went visiting with the pastor of a mission chapel. Up in the attic there was a family of father and daughter in two rooms that had been made out of one by dividing off the deep dormer-window.

It was midwinter, but they had no fire. He was a peddler, but the snow had stalled his push-cart, and robbed them of their only other source of income, a lodger who hired cot room in the attic for a few cents a night. The daughter was not able to work. But she said cheerfully that they were "getting along."

When it came out that she had not tasted solid food for several days, was starving, in fact (indeed, she died within a year of the slow starvation of the tenements that parades on the mortality returns under a variety of scientific names which all mean the same thing), she met her pastor's gentle chiding with the excuse, "Oh, your church has many that are poorer than I. I don't want to take your money."

I found that in their time of dire distress they had taken in a poor old man who was past working, and kept him all winter, sharing with him what they had. He was none of theirs; they hardly even knew him, as it appeared. It was enough that he was poorer than they, and lonely and hungry and cold.

It was on the East Side that the children of Mr. Elsing's Sunday school gave, out of the depth of their poverty, \$54 in pennies to be hung on the Christmas tree as their offering to the persecuted Armenians. One of their teachers told me of a Bohemian family that let the holiday dinner she brought them stand and wait, while they sent out to bid to the feast four little ragamuffins of the neighborhood who would otherwise have gone hungry.

And here it was in "the hard winter," when no one had work, that the nurse from the Henry Street settlement found her cobbler patient entertaining a lodger, although there was barely bread enough in the house for himself and his boy. He introduced the stranger with some embarrassment and when they were alone excused himself for doing it. The man was just from prison—a man with "a history."

"But," said the nurse, doubtfully, "is it a good thing for your boy to have that man in the house?"

There was a passing glimpse of uneasiness in the cobbler's glance, but it went as quickly as it had come. He laid his hand on the nurse's.

"This," he said, "ain't no winter to let a fellow from Sing Sing be on the street."

A Lover of Nice Distinctions.

The Siamese differ from other Orientals in a kind of youthful curiosity which has made them reach out for European ideas, whereas most Eastern races have repelled the West or been indifferent to it. A recent writer on Siam gives an account of the learning of the King of Siam who died in 1893. He was a trained Oriental linguist, and corresponded in fluent English with many Englishmen of distinction. From the book by Mrs. Leonowens, English governess at the Siamese court, the writer quotes an account of his majesty's habits of study.

Before my arrival in Bangkok it had been a not uncommon practice to send for a missionary at midnight, have him beguiled or abducted from his bed, and conveyed by boat to the palace, some miles up the river, to inquire if it would not be more elegant to write "murky" instead of "obscure."

or "gloomily dark" rather than "not clearly apparent." And if the wretched man should venture to declare his honest preference for the ordinary over the extraordinary form of expression, he was forthwith dismissed with irony, arrogance, or even insult, and without a word of apology for the rude invasion of his rest.

One night, a little after 12 o'clock, as his majesty was on the point of going to bed, like any plain citizen of regular habits, he fell to thinking how most accurately to render into English the Siamese word "phi," which admits of a variety of interpretations—ghost, spirit, soul, devil, evil angel.

After puzzling over it for more than an hour, and getting himself possessed with the word as with the devil it stands for, but to no purpose, he ordered one of his lesser state barges to be manned and despatched with all speed for the British Consul.

That functionary, inspired with lively alarm by so startling a summons, dressed himself with unceremonious celerity and hurried to the palace, conjecturing on the way all imaginable possibilities of politics and diplomacy, revolution or invasion.

To his vexation, not less than to his surprise, he found the king in deshabille engaged with a Siamese-English vocabulary, and mentally divided between "duce" and "devil" in the choice of an equivalent.

His preposterous majesty gravely laid the case before the consul, who, although inwardly chafing at the situation, had no choice but to decide with grace, and go back to bed with philosophy.

POPULAR IN HAVANA.

Wife of American Minister Leads in Hospitality at Cuban Capital.

Mrs. Herbert G. Squiers, who is the wife of the United States minister to Cuba, has attained an enviable social position at the capital of the island republic. Minister Squiers is the most influential member of the diplomatic corps at Havana and visiting Americans have been charmed by the hospitality of the United States embassy.

Mrs. H. G. Squiers Mrs. Squiers is a New York woman. She was in Pekin during the terrible Boxer uprising, her husband at the time being secretary of the United States legation. She herself took an active part in defending the legation against the terrible onslaughts of the Boxers.

The Universal Apple.

The latest estimate places the total number of apple trees of bearing age in the United States at something over 200,000,000. This is nearly three trees to every person. These trees yield more than 175,000,000 bushels. Not all these apples are consumed at home, for in years of full crop more than 3,000,000 bushels go abroad. Yet, the apples kept at home are more than two bushels for every adult and child. We are a nation of apple eaters. This fact may not be to our credit, however, when we remember that a good part of all these apples are Ben Davis and other kinds that a refined and cultivated taste will not choose for its dessert. Yet probably half our people never raise an apple; and of the half who do raise them but a small percentage grows for market; and of those who grow for market, only a part make a profit from the business. Yet there is money in apple-growing.—Country Life in America.

A True Canvas-Back.

A good story is told of John Astley, a fellow student with Sir Joshua Reynolds in London and in Rome.

While walking in the Campagna Reynolds and some other students took off their coats; but for a long time nothing would persuade young Astley to take his off. At last he was prevailed on to do so, and the cause of his unwillingness to comply with the wishes of his friends was then revealed by an oil sketch of a waterfall painted on the back of the artist's waistcoat.

Judge a woman by her questions and a man by his answers.

WATERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

They Are Inconstant, Shifting and Not to Be Depended Upon.

There is little reason, however, for a settlement in these parts to bestir itself. Its future is too uncertain, says the New York Mail and Express. The town that is on the river this year may be on a useless swamp the next; the town that is five miles inland, with no dream of the Mississippi, may be awakened any morning by the roar of a steamboat whistle. There are many points in desperate straits to-day. Tiptonville, Tenn., a town of more than ordinary prosperity, depending altogether on the steamboat service, once on the main channel, now finds herself, because of a cut-off, on a shallow backwater, which goes dry as her streets in low season.

Which brings me again to the river's vagaries. To begin, its crookedness is something appalling. Approaching Cairo from the north by boat, the stranger, seeing the city's elevators and church spires within a stone's throw, is pretty certain to rush into the cabin to assemble his belongings when he has still before him a tortuous ride of two hours. Yet this phenomenon is not wholly without advantages. The citizen of before-mentioned Tiptonville, who misses the up-bound boat at breakfast time, does not worry over the accident. He calmly spends the morning at home, then, after dinner, trudges four or five miles across country to Slough landing, arriving there in plenty of time—likely within an hour or two to spare—to catch his boat, which, in the interval since leaving Tiptonville, has been wandering through some thirty miles of bends. Down in the Great Bend country, below Memphis, the south-going steamer at the end of a half day's travel may be farther from the Gulf of Mexico as the crow flies than she was at the beginning. One may go from Memphis to Orleans by rail—the distance is 400 miles—in a single night. By steamboat it is, at best, a four days' run; the Mississippi dilly-dallys through exactly 800 miles of twists and turns between the two cities.

5,000 HYMNS WRITTEN BY BLIND WOMAN.

Though she has been blind since she was six weeks old, Miss Frances Jane Crosby, as she is generally called, though her real name is Mrs. Alexander Van Alstyne, has written more than 5,000 hymns, many of them known all over the world. And though she is now 83 years old, rather feeble, and totally blind, she still travels to evangelist meetings in various cities and gives readings and lectures. Her home is in Bridgeport, Conn.



Among the most famous Gospel hymns written by Miss Crosby are those beginning: "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior," "All the Way My Savior Leads Me," and "I Am Thine, O Lord; I Have Heard Thy Voice."

Save for the heavy green glasses she is compelled to wear, there is little in Miss Crosby's manner while lecturing to indicate her sightlessness. She reads her notes, printed in raised letters, with almost imperceptible movements of her fingers, and turns her head as though glancing about the audience. "Hymn writing is my life work," says Miss Crosby, "and I cannot tell you what pleasure I derive from it. I believe I would not live a year if my work were taken from me. A great many people sympathize with me, but, although I am grateful to them, I really don't need their sympathy. What would I do with it?"

Low-Studded Pacific Islands.

We frequently hear of those lovely little groups of islands in the southern seas. They are described as earthly paradises. Some of them sit unoccupied, and might well be coveted by one idea people who would like to see some hobby enthroned.

But on reflection, a prudent American would prefer to live a little farther above water. The Society group, which came near being washed overboard recently, were barely twenty feet above the water, so that those of the inhabitants that were saved managed to keep alive by climbing to the tops of trees, and where the trees did not prove tall enough the perchers were swept into the sea. In the great gale some eighty of the Society Islands were thus devastated, and in all over 1,000 inhabitants found watery graves. The United States has some island possessions in the southern seas, and it is sometimes suggested that we might plant our civilization and our flag there. There is no question that many of these island gems are paradises, but it would be better to roost higher. The land is too low, even to plant the flag, says the Boston Globe. Life is too precarious to wake up some morning and find one's self missing, and tidal waves and volcanoes have become very impudent of late.

The Desert of Gobi.

The great desert of Gobi would fill the entire Mississippi valley from the Alleghenies to the Rockies. Upward of 300,000 square miles of Arabia are an uninhabited waste, while the terrible Sahara is vast enough to cover the whole United States.

World's Supply of Gold.

It is anticipated that the world's supply of gold will be doubled in the next ten years.

Influence of Children.

Childhood in its weakness is often a strength that resists the strain of all the passions, and that holds even when deep hatred exerts its power to drive asunder.

"If it were not for the child, I would not live with you another day," I heard an angry husband say to his wife, when righteous indignation drove him nearly to distraction.

That was quite a number of years ago, and now they have two more children to strengthen the bond between them. This little episode of domestic infelicity was recalled by some statistics that recently emanated from Berlin and which speak volumes.

These statistics have been carefully gathered from the divorce courts, and show that out of 1,000 divorces 540 were granted where there were no children, 214 where there was one child, 129 where there were two children, 69 where there were three children, 25 where there were four children, 12 where there were five children and 10 where there were six children.—New York Herald.

The Poor Dog.

A Parisian clothes dealer kicked a dog out of his shop. The dog shot out with some rapidity and knocked over a woman with a jug of milk. The woman broke the jug and upset an elderly gentleman, and the jug cut both of them. At that moment a cyclist arrived and was thrown off his machine by the prostrate figures, and simultaneously a cart came up and smashed the bicycle. The magistrate blandly advised the entire squad to proceed against the dog, and they are now looking for it.—London Globe.

Brass pins were first made by the Saracens in Spain in A. D. 800 and were brought to England by Catharine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII.

Meerschmum Carving.

Vienna is the greatest center for meerschmum carving, which has attained a very high artistic development. The raw material comes in such odd shapes that much skill is exercised in obtaining from each piece a pipe that shall be as large and well shaped as possible. The rough block is first soaked in water to make it soft, when it can be cut as readily as cheese. After the carving is completed the final polishing is done by women with fine sandpaper and a kind of grass.

A Transposition.

Margaret—No, you cannot stay, love. Your mother says it is absolutely necessary for you to come home.

Elizabeth—Oh, dear! I sometimes think that mother is the inventor of necessity instead of necessity being the mother of invention.—Kansas City Journal.

It Depended.

Judge (to witness)—You say you have known the prisoner all your life?

Witness—Yes, your honor.

Judge—Now, in your opinion, do you think he could be guilty of stealing this money?

Witness—How much was it?

Homicide.

"We cannot consider your story seriously," wrote an editor to an author, "because you have killed your hero in the middle of it."

And the author replied, "I killed him early because he made me tired."—Atlanta Constitution.

What Happened.

"She married the coachman because she wanted some one who could drive," "Well?"

"Well, he drove her to distraction!"—Chicago Post.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.
Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**
All Repairing Attended to
Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at **BADEN CASH STORE,** South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World
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ADMISSION 25 CENTS. Ladies and Children Free.

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LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

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Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

Times lively.
Business good.
Big gang on road work.
Matt Callan of Colma was in town Monday.
Under-Sheriff Butts was in town Tuesday.
Mr. E. Valencia of Millbrae was in town Wednesday.
Geo. Rayn of Colma was a visitor here on Wednesday.
R. K. Patchell spent Sunday on his ranch at Morgan Hill.
Six of the local Fuller men returned to work on Monday.
Born—March 20th, at Colma, to the wife of Matt Callan, a daughter.
Mrs. S. A. Coombes of Redwood City visited friends here Tuesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Plymire of San Francisco paid a visit on Sunday to their son, Dr. H. G. Plymire and wife.
Mr. W. J. Martin left on Monday for Seattle on business, which will occupy his time for some ten days.
W. F. Bailey has opened a saloon at the Eleven Mile House, Mission road.
Frank Miner has finished the grade for the packing-house extension building, and the concrete men have begun work.
Rube Smith has rented one of the flats in the Thrasher building and will move his family out from the city next week.
Mrs. Poulaine has cut the tops off the two big gum trees that have been a landmark at her saloon corner for the past eight years.
The health of the town is No. 1. Doctors have little and the health officer nothing to do at present so far as this burg is concerned.
M. Legrand has been engaged during the past week in cutting down the row of gum trees on the west side of E. E. Cunningham's place.
Mrs. Lamb is visiting her father and brother, S. C. Coombes and Charley Coombes, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb will shortly sail for South America.
The roadmakers have about finished San Bruno road from Grand avenue north to the Grand Hotel and will next grade down the hill south of Grand avenue.
It makes no noise, but nevertheless there is in this town a gold brick, prize package matrimonial racket of the latest pattern and with all modern improvements.
The S. P. Co. is putting in an engine boiler and pump at the oil tank to pump oil to the tank. Water pipe to supply the engine and boiler with water was put in the past week.
The Jupiter Steel Company received one carload of fire brick from Pittsburgh, Pa., on Tuesday. The company is driving piles for foundation of new building. The material for the building is arriving daily.
The Easton and Eldridge auction sale of lots at San Mateo on Saturday last was a great success. The lots brought an average of \$260 and 180 lots were sold. San Mateo real estate is a safe and good investment.
Ernest Granitz, better known as Charley Miller, was here Sunday shaking hands with old-time friends. Charley is at present employed as night watchman for the Sugar Pine Lumber Co. in Fresno county.
If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.
Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.
Dr. Wm. P. Hicks, with Wm. Rehberg as his guest, left the Sierra Point House on Tuesday in Dr. Hicks' elegant yacht for a cruise around the waters of the Bay, including a call at Point Richmond and Napa. The cruise will cover seven to ten days and Captain Rehberg will be a real sailor man when he returns.
This town has a very creditable orchestra association, composed of residents of this place. These young men have practiced together and can provide first-class music for any local entertainment quite equal to that furnished by Warren or any city orchestra. The home orchestra will furnish music for any benefit entertainment free of charge.
On Wednesday Messrs. Lovie, Hadler and Cullen of Redwood City, and officials of the San Mateo County Building and Loan Association paid our town a visit of inspection. The Building and Loan Association has several loans here and is ready to make more on good real estate. The San Mateo County B. & L. Association is one of the soundest and best in the State. It is a home institution, its officers are all known to our people, which accounts for its numerous loans here.
RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.
It Will Be Enforced.
The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The April water rate must be paid on or before the last day of April. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of April and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

MILLBRAE NOTES.

W. H. Dunphy has taken up his residence in San Francisco.
Several of our sports are over at the fishing grounds on the coast side.
Large consignments of pipe for the Spring Valley Water Co. are arriving daily.
The work of installing the machinery in the new power station was begun yesterday. About thirty days more will see the plant in operation.
The hill leading from the foot of Millbrae avenue to the county road has been considerably reduced and a fine bed of rock placed thereon—thanks to our efficient Supervisor.
A force of carpenters, painters and plumbers are busily engaged overhauling the Millbrae Hotel. When completed Proprietor Connelly will have one of the most attractive places along the "pike."
F. H. Baldwin, who officiated as timekeeper for the Electric Railway since its inception in these parts, left Friday for San Jose where a good position awaited him with the Traction Company there. Mr. Baldwin was a good citizen and neighbor and he will be missed by those whose pleasure it was to know him.
"French Pete," while returning from a smoker the other evening, was set upon and robbed by some errant knight of the road. Pete has been carrying around a very dilapidated face ever since.
The W. H. Dunphy home was sold recently to Dr. Alonzo L. Hudgens, a wealthy mining man of Nevada. Mr. Hudgens with his family and a retinue of servants moved in during the week.
John E. Magee of the Magee & Dale Theatrical Co., accompanied by his wife, is out from the East on a visit to his mother. Saturday evening last a delightful party was given in their honor, at which some twenty of our village people were present.—Leader, San Mateo.

OFFERS PRIZE FOR UNIVERSITY DEBATORS

George C. Ross, the Redwood City Lawyer, Gives One Hundred Dollars.

Stanford University, April 14.—Notwithstanding the fact that James K. Moffitt has decided not to offer his annual gift of \$200 for the successful team in the intercollegiate debate, it is assumed that the debaters of Stanford and California will not be without a pecuniary incentive in this season's contest. George C. Ross, the well-known Redwood City lawyer, today wrote President Jordan as follows:
"The Palo Alto of Friday last stated that up to date no prize had been provided for the winning team in the intercollegiate debate between the University of California and Stanford. Such being the fact, and as I have two sons who will graduate this year, one from the Affiliated Colleges of the University of California and one from Stanford, and I am the recipient of the bounties of the two universities, it may not be inappropriate for me to now offer something in the way of a prize to the winners of the debate."
"To that end will you please accept the inclosed check for \$100 and make such use of it as you shall deem proper, and oblige, yours sincerely, GEORGE C. ROSS."

TABLET TO J. STERLING MORTON.

Santa Cruz, April 13.—Mayor Clark today received a letter from the Historical Society of Nebraska stating that a bronze tablet in honor of J. Sterling Morton, former Secretary of Agriculture, and founder of Arbor Day, would be presented to the State of California, and requesting that it be placed on a big tree near this city, and also suggesting a programme for April 22d. Mayor Clark has decided to place the tablet on a forest giant in the Big Basin. The exercises will take place in this city, school children participating. A committee will be appointed to carry the tablet to Big Basin and place it in position. All former Nebraskans, resident in this county, will be invited to participate.—S. F. Chronicle.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.
Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.
A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed, for their accommodation.
An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.
Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.
Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.
Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.
An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR RENT.

The Exchange Building for hotel purposes. For full particulars inquire of W. J. Martin.



Common elder vinegar is said to be an antidote to carbolic acid poisoning. A flannel cloth wrung out of salt water is an excellent remedy for simple sore throat.

Salt and water is one of the best of remedies for sore eyes, and if applied in time will scatter the inflammation. An effective remedy for a bone felon is an ounce of asafetida steeped in a pint of hot vinegar, the finger to be dipped in it frequently.

For vitriol burns cover the parts burned with a soft, thick paste of calcined magnesia and water. This relieves the pain very quickly, and there is seldom a scar left after this treatment.

In an emergency to make a compress for a wound, if nothing better is at hand, clean tissue paper makes an excellent application. It is much to be preferred to a strip torn from clothing or a soiled handkerchief, which may be the only other choice.

To assuage thirst and cure feverishness apple tea is a notable sick drink. It is made by slicing up raw apples into a jug, filling up the jug with boiling water, as in teamaking, then sweetening to taste. When cold, this apple tea will be found pleasantly tart and refreshing.

HIS CLEVER NEPHEW.

Young Man Who Was Set Up in Business Three Times.

A certain member of the Stock Exchange has set his nephew up in business three times, but the young man lacks something essential to success in the line selected for him, and has failed with each effort. Recently, when he came with the fourth request for financial assistance, the uncle demurred.

"You must learn to lean on yourself," he said. "I can't carry you all your life. It would be an unkindness in me to keep supplying you with money to carry on enterprises that invariably end in assignments. I'll tell you what I'll do. You owe a great deal as the result of that last failure. Pitch in on your own hook and go it alone till you can pay off those debts. When you've done that I'll give you a check for all they amount to. Such an experience will do you more good than all the money I could give you now."

Two months later the nephew walked in with every claim receipted in full, and the uncle was so delighted that he gave the promised check.

"Now, that's something like it," he said, "and I'll wager you feel the better for the hard training. How did you manage it, Dick?"

"Borrowed the money." Now the old gentleman is telling them that there is the making of a great financier in that nephew.—New York Times.

NATURAL HISTORY.



"Now, tell me, why is that hyphen placed in chicken-coop?"
"Please, sir, fer the chicken to roost on."

Hawk as a Surgeon.

A strange tale is told of a hawk at the menagerie in Central Park, New York. Two birds live in the same cage, and some time back one of them developed a tumor in the leg. The other bird thereupon attacked the tumor with its claws and succeeded in lancing it.

Tea in Dalmatia.

Last year the Austrian government made the first trials to cultivate tea plants on the coast of Dalmatia, in the districts around the Spalato. These experiments having proven very satisfactory, further trials are to be made in the course of this year.

A Fine Timepiece.

"Yes, that is an eight-day clock."
"By George! it doesn't look it."
"Tis, though. Every eight days it runs fifteen minutes without a break."
—Baltimore News.

Cause of White Hair.

Gray hairs at an early age are hereditary in certain families. It is thought to be the result of men with dark hair marrying women with dark hair through several generations.

How Flies Are Able to Taste.

The proboscis of the fly and the tongues of bees and ants are furnished with numerous delicate hairs set in minute pits. These are perhaps connected with the organ of taste; but, though the exact locality of this sense in insects is uncertain, we know that the groups of cells in the tongues of animals called taste bulbs form in part the ends of the organ of taste. These vary in number, increasing in the higher animals. They are very close and exceedingly numerous in man, while the tongue of even the cow has some 55,000 taste bulbs.

It would be interesting to know whether each special taste excites a special group of nerves and that only, thus corresponding to the auditory nerves. These taste bulbs were discovered in 1867. Each one consists of two kinds of cells, one set forming an outer protective covering, through an opening in which project from five to ten of the true taste cells. Though important, they are not apparently an essential part of the organ, for birds and reptiles have none, but neither have they a keen sense of taste, except perhaps the parrot.—Chambers' Journal.

Reading.

Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstance and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life and a shield against ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—Sir John Herschel.

What Did He Mean?

He—What lovely flowers! Do you know, they remind me of you.
She—Why, they are artificial.
He—Yes, I know, but it requires close examination to detect it.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are more plentiful but selling at steady prices. SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, and at higher prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products higher. LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable).

CATTLE—No. 1 Fed. Fat Native Steers, 10¢ to 10½¢; 2d quality, 9¢ to 9½¢; No. 1 Fed. Cows and Heifers, 7½¢ to 8¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½¢ to 7¢; Fed. Thin Cows, 4¢ to 4½¢; Grass Cattle, 1¢ less.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 14¢ to 15¢; rough, heavy hogs, 13¢ to 14¢; hogs weighing under 140 lbs., 13¢ to 14¢.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4½¢ to 5¢; Ewes, 4¼¢ to 4½¢; Spring Lambs, 5½¢ to 6¢; Short Sheep, 5¢ less.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 5½¢ to 6¢; over 250 lbs., 4½¢ to 4¾¢.

EXTRA MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEER—First quality steers, 8½¢ to 9¢; second quality, 7½¢ to 8¢; first quality cows and heifers, 7½¢ to 8¢; second quality, 7¢ to 7½¢; third quality, 6¢.

SMALL CATTLE—Medium, 9¢ to 9½¢; small, good, 10¢ to 11¢; common, 7½¢ to 8¢.

MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 9¢ to 9½¢; light, 8½¢ to 9¢; Heavy Ewes, 8½¢ to 9¢; Light Ewes, 8¢ to 8½¢; Suckling Lambs No. 1, 10¢ to 11¢.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 10½¢ to 11¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13¼¢ to 15¢; picnic hams, 9¼¢ to 10¢; Atlanta ham, 11¢.

BACON—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 17¢; light S. C. bacon, 16½¢; med. bacon, clear, 12½¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 13¢ to 13½¢; clear, light bacon, 15¢; clear ex. light bacon, 15½¢.

BEER—Extra Family, bbl., \$1.00; do, hf. bbl., .50; Family Beef, bbl., \$1.00; hf. bbl., .50; Extra Mess, bbl., \$1.00; do, hf. bbl., .50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12½¢; do, light, 12¢; do, Bellies, 12¢ to 12½¢; Extra Clear, bbls., \$22.00; hf. bbls., \$11.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf. bbls., \$5.25; do, kits.

LARD—Prices are as follows:
Tes. 5½¢; 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.
Compound 8 8¼ 8½ 8¾ 9¼
Cal. pure 12 12½ 12¾ 13 13½
In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1½¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.35; Is \$1.35; Roast Beef, 2s \$2.35; Is, \$1.35.

H. E. Plymire, M. D.
SURGEON, W. M. CO.

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Table First Class.
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THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.
For the Celebrated Beers of the
Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco
BREWERIES
—AND—
THE UNION ICE CO.
Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

The Real Thing.
A Genuine Wayside Inn.
Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.
Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.
Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.
Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.
W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

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Assets, \$175,000.00.
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Tickle your best one by purchasing a bottle of PERFUME or buy your mother a bottle of "Jeromes' Hair Restorative" for Fifty Cents.

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BOOTS and SHOES,
Constantly on hand and for sale
Below City Prices.
All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.
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The Indian Territory and Its People

THE Indian Territory was reserved for the red men more than seventy years ago. Reservations were nothing new in those days; the "man of nature" was still numerous, and the administration sought to keep them in colonies on reservations, to be able to better control them. Again and again the original hunting grounds of the Indian were reduced in size, and the tribes forced to abandon their homes and settle anew. And why? Because thousands of immigrants wanted room for homesteads, the strides of industry and civilization were great and fast, and the redskins, opposed to all this, favored disturbances and absolute freedom.

So the government was confronted with the vexed question of making some final and amicable settlement, or treaty, with some of the larger tribes of Indians which lived in the southern part of the Union. Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi—all sought to open the Indian's land to the plow of the farmer, the ax of the timber cutter, or the spade of the miner. Congress began legislation on the matter of removing the Indian from these States to the West, and presented articles of treaty to the different tribes, which in time and turn were ratified by the chiefs and councils of the tribes.

The topography of the Indian Terri-

torious crops. Apples, pears, peaches, apricots and all varieties of berries are stupendously productive.

The agricultural inclinations of the Indian have hitherto been but slight. The "whites" from the adjoining States, however, have aspired to own some of these fertile fields; but seeing that their aspirations were futile, they leased land at a ridiculously low figure. This practice had been a regular custom for more than twenty years, when the government finally took charge of this matter and made up a schedule of stipulated rental-fees per acre. The government now draws up the lease contracts and sees to it that the Indian receives due remuneration for the use of his lands.

All this may lead the reader to ask: "Who are the inhabitants of the Indian Territory?" The owners in common are a heterogeneous mass of humanity—Indians, negroes and "whites," aggregating about 85,000 souls. An additional 400,000 make their homes within the limits of the Territory, without a title to the land upon which they live and without a voice in the government by which they are controlled. For the administration of public affairs no uniform system of government and no code of laws now exists. The owners, as has been said, are Indians, "whites," and negroes. The latter were slaves of the different

Mississippi and accept 7,000,000 acres of land west of this river.

There are now about 30,000 Cherokee Indians and 4,000 Cherokee "freedmen" living in that nation who are all members of the tribe.

The Cherokees do more farming than any of the other five civilized tribes. Even before the first treaty was made with them, in 1785, they invariably had their patch of Indian corn near their hut, the squaw doing the labor in those days. Now they also raise cotton. Most of the work, however, is done by the African descendants, their labor in many sections of the nation being as cheap as the wind.

When Congress created the Dawes Commission, it instructed the same to make rolls of the members of the Five Tribes. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to take a census of each of said tribes. When the rolls are completed they will contain names of full-blood Indians, negroes, and white men, with every intervening degree of blood. Some Indians entitled to enrollment have but one sixty-fourth degree of Indian blood and show no resemblance whatever to the red man. In compiling these rolls, the commission was guided to an extent by the old tribal rolls. Great difficulties confronted it, however, in the change of names among the members of all tribes.

The commission has its headquarters in the town of Muskogee in the Creek nation. When the making of the rolls began, the great majority of the Indians, opposed to enrollment, would not come to the commission. So it decided to go to them. The hotel accommodations in the interior being inadequate the commission purchased the necessary equipment for its maintenance in the field. Then it advertised a schedule of its appointments in the various towns and villages. By coming to the Indians in this way, it could invariably secure the enrollment of the majority of the citizens of each tribe.

To proceed just and fairly in the allotment of land in severalty, the government ordered an appraisal of all lands in the Indian Territory, so that each citizen would receive an equal amount of dollars worth of land. In view of appraising the land, the commission organized and equipped many field parties. Each party is composed of six appraisers, one clerk, two teamsters, and one cook. Two of these appraisers are surveyors, and act in a double capacity. Each party, while living in one camp, operates in two divisions, with three appraisers in each, one of them a surveyor.

The Choctaws and Chickasaws will receive approximately 500 acres per capita, the Cherokees 120, and the Creeks and Seminoles 160.

The United States laws prohibit the sale of firearms and intoxicating liquors within the limits of the Territory. This law is enforced very rigidly.

It may be of interest to add that the government has already allotted lands to seven small tribes in the northeastern part of the Cherokee nation. They are the Quapaws, Pottawatomies, Modocs, Shawnees, Wyandottes and Senecas. When the Dawes Commission will have finished its labors the tribal government of five large tribes of Indians will only be a memory of past history.—R. A. J. Mangelsdorf, in the Illustrated Home Journal.

Tipped the Chief Justice.
Not unlike some other great men, United States Chief Justice Marshall



A BUNCH OF CATTLE IN THE CREEK NATION.

lots, the owner thereof having no title whatever to the estate save his good faith that he might at some future time be able to secure the land from the tribe and obtain a clear title. Thus towns of 5,000 inhabitants have sprung up. But these towns have no municipal government, no municipal water supply, police or fire protection. Order is maintained by United States marshals and courts only.

The entire landed estate embraces over 19,000,000 acres, a territory nearly equal in extent to the State of Indiana. Five tribes are the sole owners and heirs. For three score years they have been termed "The Five Civilized Tribes," because they have long since given up their wild and savage ways and have adopted the white man's customs and habits.

The northeastern part of the Territory is occupied by the Cherokee tribe of Indians; the northwestern portion by the Creeks or Muskogee Indians. The Choctaws will inherit the southeastern division, while the Chickasaws claim the land directly west of the Choctaw's claim. The central western portion is the Seminole Indians' claim, being the smallest domain of the five.

The Cherokees are the largest nation, and prior to the removal to their present abode dwelt in North Carolina and adjacent States. The government had long been negotiating with these Indians, and in the year 1835 succeeded in having a treaty ratified by the tribe according to which they were to cede all claims to land east of the Missis-

sippi and accept 7,000,000 acres of land west of this river.

There are now about 30,000 Cherokee Indians and 4,000 Cherokee "freedmen" living in that nation who are all members of the tribe.

The Cherokees do more farming than any of the other five civilized tribes. Even before the first treaty was made with them, in 1785, they invariably had their patch of Indian corn near their hut, the squaw doing the labor in those days. Now they also raise cotton. Most of the work, however, is done by the African descendants, their labor in many sections of the nation being as cheap as the wind.

When Congress created the Dawes Commission, it instructed the same to make rolls of the members of the Five Tribes. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to take a census of each of said tribes. When the rolls are completed they will contain names of full-blood Indians, negroes, and white men, with every intervening degree of blood. Some Indians entitled to enrollment have but one sixty-fourth degree of Indian blood and show no resemblance whatever to the red man. In compiling these rolls, the commission was guided to an extent by the old tribal rolls. Great difficulties confronted it, however, in the change of names among the members of all tribes.

The commission has its headquarters in the town of Muskogee in the Creek nation. When the making of the rolls began, the great majority of the Indians, opposed to enrollment, would not come to the commission. So it decided to go to them. The hotel accommodations in the interior being inadequate the commission purchased the necessary equipment for its maintenance in the field. Then it advertised a schedule of its appointments in the various towns and villages. By coming to the Indians in this way, it could invariably secure the enrollment of the majority of the citizens of each tribe.

To proceed just and fairly in the allotment of land in severalty, the government ordered an appraisal of all lands in the Indian Territory, so that each citizen would receive an equal amount of dollars worth of land. In view of appraising the land, the commission organized and equipped many field parties. Each party is composed of six appraisers, one clerk, two teamsters, and one cook. Two of these appraisers are surveyors, and act in a double capacity. Each party, while living in one camp, operates in two divisions, with three appraisers in each, one of them a surveyor.

THE MEN AND WOMEN

Who Enjoy the Choicest Products of the World's Commerce.

Knowledge of What Is Best More Important Than Wealth Without It.

It must be apparent to every one that qualities of the highest order are necessary to enable the best of the products of modern commerce to attain permanently to universal acceptance. However loudly heralded, they may not hope for world-wide preeminence unless they meet with the general approval, not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting, enjoying and learning the real worth of the choicest products. Their commendation, consequently, becomes important to others, since to meet the requirements of the well informed of all countries the method of manufacture must be of the most perfect order and the combination the most excellent of its kind. The above is true not of food products only, but is especially applicable to medicinal agents and after nearly a quarter of a century of growth and general use the excellent remedy, Syrup of Figs, is everywhere accepted, throughout the world, as the best of family laxatives. Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative and carminative principles of plants known to man, but also to the method of manufacture of the California Fig Syrup Co., which ensures that uniformity and purity essential in a remedy intended for family use. Ask any physician who is well informed and he will answer at once that it is an excellent laxative. If at all eminent in his profession and has made a special study of laxatives and their effects upon the system he will tell you that it is the best of family laxatives because it is simple and wholesome and cleanses the system effectually, without any unpleasant after-effects. Every well-informed druggist of reputable standing knows that Syrup of Figs is an excellent laxative and is glad to sell it, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, because it gives general satisfaction, but one should remember that in order to get the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs it is necessary to buy the genuine, which is sold in original packages only; the name of the remedy—Syrup of Figs and also the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.

Universally Accepted as The Best Family Laxative

SYRUP OF FIGS

Recommended by Many Millions of The Well-Informed Throughout the World—

Manufactured by CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

San Francisco, Cal. Louisville, Ky. New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

MEALS BY WHOLESALE.

Extensive Kitchen Arrangements of the Modern Hotel.

The kitchen arrangements of the modern hotel are on the first basement floor. There is a chef, but so far as I could see he does not cook. He is simply a captain of the seventy-five other cooks, who work in three relays of twenty-five each. There is no range, but a solid bank of broilers—immense gridirons, beneath which are the fires that never die. As for the 400 loaves of bread and 8,000 rolls required daily, the chef does not worry his mind over the patent cutters and mixers and ovens and staff of bakers needed to supply the simple item of bread or concern himself with the quality of the 1,100 pounds of butter that are each day required to go with it.

I must not forget the item of eggs. Eighteen thousand are required every twenty-four hours. Boiled eggs do not get overdone. They are boiled by clockwork. A perforated dipper containing the eggs drops down into the water. The dipper's clockwork is set to the second, and when that final second has expired the little dipper jumps up out of the water, and the eggs are ready for delivery. There are men who do nothing else but fill and watch and empty these dancing dippers, and it seemed to me great fun.

On another part of this floor is the dishwashing, where great galvanized baskets lower the pieces into various solutions of potash and clean rinsing water, all so burning hot that the dishes dry instantly without wiping. Sixty-five thousand pieces of china-ware are cleansed in a day and an almost equal quantity of silver. All told, there are 300 employees in the kitchen departments of this huge living machine.—Albert Bigelow Paine in World's Work.

"Perhaps," ventured the unsuccessful contributor, "you didn't consider my little ode true to life."

"Oh, it was true enough," replied the editor. "I assure you there was more truth than poetry in what you said."

Talking your enthusiasm to some people is like holding it under the pump.—Atchison Globe.

\$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's Godey's Footwear (Hand-Made) shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

\$25,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.

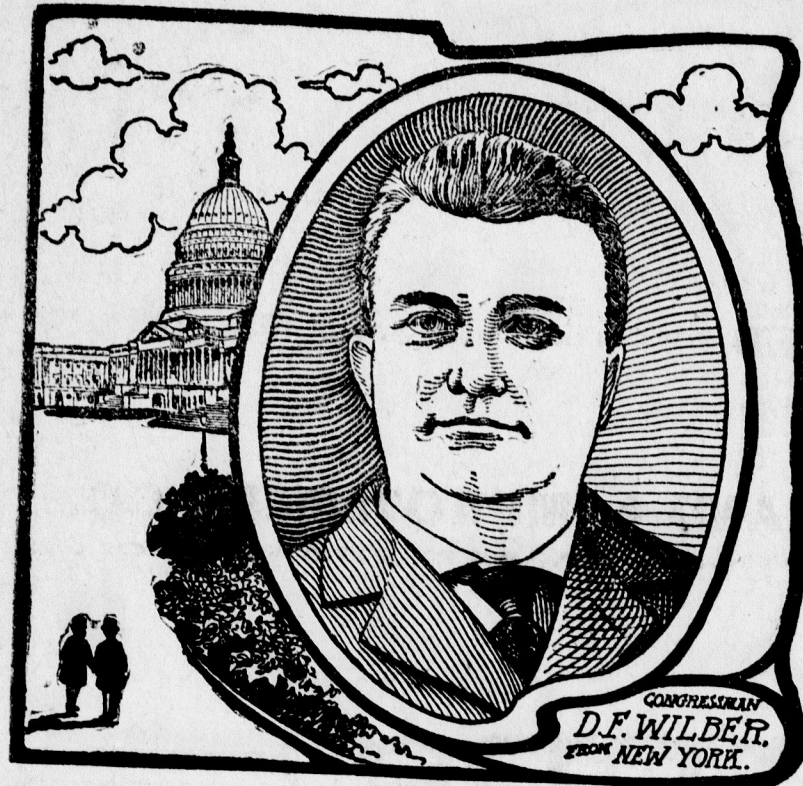
Because W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer of shoes in the world, he can buy cheaper and produce his shoes at a lower cost than other concerns, which enables him to sell shoes for \$3.50 and \$3.00 equal in every way to those sold elsewhere for \$4 and \$5.00.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50 and \$3.00 shoes are worn by thousands of men who have been paying \$4 and \$5, not believing they could get a first-class shoe for \$3.50 or \$3.00. He has convinced them that the style, fit and wear of his \$3.50 and \$3.00 shoes is just as good. Give them a trial and save money. Notice Increase (1909 Sales: \$2,500,000; 1910 Sales: \$3,000,000; 1911 Sales: \$3,500,000; 1912 Sales: \$4,000,000; 1913 Sales: \$4,500,000; 1914 Sales: \$5,000,000; 1915 Sales: \$5,500,000; 1916 Sales: \$6,000,000; 1917 Sales: \$6,500,000; 1918 Sales: \$7,000,000; 1919 Sales: \$7,500,000; 1920 Sales: \$8,000,000; 1921 Sales: \$8,500,000; 1922 Sales: \$9,000,000; 1923 Sales: \$9,500,000; 1924 Sales: \$10,000,000; 1925 Sales: \$10,500,000; 1926 Sales: \$11,000,000; 1927 Sales: \$11,500,000; 1928 Sales: \$12,000,000; 1929 Sales: \$12,500,000; 1930 Sales: \$13,000,000; 1931 Sales: \$13,500,000; 1932 Sales: \$14,000,000; 1933 Sales: \$14,500,000; 1934 Sales: \$15,000,000; 1935 Sales: \$15,500,000; 1936 Sales: \$16,000,000; 1937 Sales: \$16,500,000; 1938 Sales: \$17,000,000; 1939 Sales: \$17,500,000; 1940 Sales: \$18,000,000; 1941 Sales: \$18,500,000; 1942 Sales: \$19,000,000; 1943 Sales: \$19,500,000; 1944 Sales: \$20,000,000; 1945 Sales: \$20,500,000; 1946 Sales: \$21,000,000; 1947 Sales: \$21,500,000; 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CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS

(To the Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus O.)

"Pe-ru-na is All You Claim For It."



Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Oneonta, N. Y., writes:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:

Gentlemen—"Persuaded by a friend I have tried your remedy and I have almost fully recovered after the use of a few bottles. I am fully convinced that Peruna is all you claim for it, and I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with catarrhal trouble."

—DAVID F. WILBER.

Peruna a Preventive and Cure for Colds

Mr. C. F. Given, Sussex, N. B., Vice President of "The Pastime Boating Club," writes:

"Whenever the cold weather sets in I have for years past been very sure to catch a severe cold which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after-effects on my constitution the most of the winter."

"Last winter I was advised to try Peruna, and within five days the cold was broken up and in five days more I was a well man. I recommended it to several of my friends and all speak the highest praise for it. There is nothing like Peruna for catarrhal affections. It is well nigh infallible as a cure, and I gladly endorse it."

—C. F. Given.

A Prominent Singer Saved From Loss of Voice.

Mr. Julian Weissitz, 175 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of The Sangerlust, of New York; is the leading second bass of the Sangerlust, the largest German singing society of New York and also the oldest.

To succeed you must begin at the foot of the ladder.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Never judge a man by what the envious say of him.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Little*

If you are strong bear the burdens of the weak.

TRY A TEN-CENT BOX

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills.

(Chocolate coated) for Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Druggists.

It is good to feel tired when honest toil or work has made you tired.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

J. Pierpont Morgan has donated to charities in the last ten years over five millions of dollars.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contains Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except prescriptions from reputable physicians as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The landing of the cable made manifest cure, thought and toil. Did you think of that? When enjoying a class of "Old Girl Edges" do you think of the cure, skill and effort that the making calls for? Well, you do enjoy it, and that's the main thing.

Faces are true soul photographs and to know the mind look at the countenance.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen E. Ginsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention This Paper

S. F. N. P. U. No. 16, 1903.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

OPES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use to the End. Sold by Druggists.

500 for \$15. History repeats itself for made by Mining Kings are still possible. We are investing our own money on the proposition that \$15 invested now shall in a few years be worth \$500. Investigate. Send for information. : : : We give references.

Easterly & Newhall, Rep. The El Dorado Copper Mining Co., 517-518 Parrott Building, S. F., Cal.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



ANY put zero into the collection and then complain that the church is cold.

The pedestal of professionalism will not give the preacher much with the people.

The world loses faith in the church when the Christian treats it as a fad.

Solitude is as necessary to the soul as companionship is to the character.

Pleasant circumstances may not be ours, but we can have sunny souls.

It is easier to sweep off the snow of an act than to break the ice of habits.

The green wood of innocence burns quickly amongst the dry sticks of vice.

The only way some people expect peace is by making their own opinions prevail.

God takes us into deep waters that we may let down our nets for great draughts.

When the Bible becomes the guide of men all men will know it is the gift of God.

Purity of heart is too great a price to pay for being posted on the poison of modern literature.

If we were as anxious to do God's will as we are to have our own way our work would be worthier.

The world will not believe in the church that forgets the souls of the poor while it fights over the spoils of the rich.

There will be no more mercy for the church obtaining money under false pretenses than for the man who does the same.

TO BUTTER OR NOT TO BUTTER.

Swell Society's Newest Fad Isn't Likely to Be Popular with the Men.

Appropos the wall which has found its way, in solemn prose and in lachrymose verse, to the columns of a lively New York contemporary, anent the absence from dinner tables of butter for the bread, there rises the reflection in humane minds that it must come a bit hard on a man who never saw butter omitted from his father's dinner table, and has always had it on his own till his prosperity in business fired his wife with a desire to imitate some of her neighbors, to be deprived of the material comfort that churned cream on good white bread can give, says the Boston Star. Furthermore, it must add to his misery to realize that just as his prosperous condition will allow of his buying the very best and finest butter in the market he is told he must swear off and go without any of the golden accompaniment of bread at the important meal of the day.

At least twenty social sermons could be preached from this situation. Usually the American man has to submit to his wife's edict—the prosperous man will usually do so when he has a wife with ambitions; and though he has the scant solace of retreating to his den and delivering a monologue on the subject of teaching old dogs new tricks, he knows he is doomed to give the old adage the lie and go right through the paces of the trick as if he were born to it. Then he almost wishes he never had been born, or amends it by wishing that his mother had trained his father to butterless dinners, so that the deprivation would not come as a blow in his middle age, that without it would be so sunny. It is a great mistake, he reflects, to have parents and grandparents that did not do things in an approved way, and then the thought comes to him that by bearing this dispensation of his other half with equanimity he can at least see his own youngsters so schooled that they will not have to learn or pretend to learn this custom that is paining him. That's one bit of consolation.

Another comes as he begins to see ways of escape; he can beg off from dinners now and then, and he can dine at the club oftener than formerly, and give his partner fuller opportunity to arrange her household fare in accordance with her newly acquired ideas. Perhaps at the club he will meet one or two men circumstances as he is, and together they will have butter on the table and make merry as do boys who hook jack.

Recaptured.

A fisherman in Norway, while wading through a heavy rapid, lost his pipe. It was whirling swiftly off to sea, and the owner looked at it for an instant in despair.

On his line he had a fly-bob for sea trout, and with a sudden thought he cast accurately at the fast disappearing pipe. The fly whipped round the stem, close by the bowl, and back into the line again. He had his pipe.

Another man, while wading for salmon, lost a sleeve-link at the head of the rapid. He hooked it again at the bottom of the same rapid.

A most curious recapture occurred in Canada, in the Riviere Blanche. The angler had landed a trout high and dry on a sloping bank. While the man was busy the fish occupied itself in flapping about, and managed to get back into the water. The man, with no idea of succeeding, threw the line savagely at the little creature swimming away. Instantly the trout rose, took the fly and was once more landed.

All women want to live to a ripe old age, yet the majority of them are ashamed to acknowledge their years.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS



In the Other Window.

Ten days is a long time to be sick. You can keep pretty patient the first six of 'em, but the last six"—Roberta stopped and reckoned. Were there two sixes in ten? She shook her head. It is not always easy to reckon when you are sick.

"The last six"—four of 'em you have a perfect right to be cross," she went on. So she was cross.

"I'm just the mischievous little girl there is," she scolded aloud. "There can't be anybody in the world as sick as I—an' unfortunat as I am, so there! Did I want to be sick at this house? Didn't I want to be sick at home, where there's room enough—mercy! did I want to be sick anywhere? Did I do anything to be sick? No, I didn't."

She almost laughed at herself then—not quite. But perhaps it was that which made her look up just that minute and see the Strange Little Girl at the other window. They had put up the curtain at last. For days Roberta had been wondering what was behind that curtain, but she had not once thought it might be a little girl—and a sick one, too!

The two windows were quite near together, just across a tiny, narrow backyard. She could see the Strange Little Girl very plainly, indeed.

"She's thinner an' whiter than I am, an' she's got more pillows behind her," thought Roberta. "I wonder if that's as straight as she can sit up?"

Suddenly the Strange Little Girl nodded a shy little nod. Of course Roberta nodded back. If they could only have opened the windows, they would have been acquainted in a few minutes. But of course sick folks—

"I know what!" Roberta exclaimed, interrupting her own thoughts. "If that little girl knows how, we can talk deaf-an'-dumb. I'm going to try and see!"

She hitched up a little nearer the window and held up her fingers in plain view. Then she made them spell out words slowly.

"How do you do?" they spelled. The Strange Little Girl knew how. Her fingers began to spell:

"How do you do?"

After that, as Roberta said, they regularly talked.

"I've got the measles. What have you got?" Roberta said.

"Hip disease."

The Strange Little Girl said very short things, as if her weak little fingers got tired very soon.

"I don't know what that is, but the measles are awful." I am afraid Roberta's fingers said "orful." "Ever had them?"

"No, I never."

"Then you ought to be thankful. I don't have my curtain up for days, sometimes."

"Weeks I don't."

Roberta gasped a little.

"One day I ached."

"I always do."

Mercy! Roberta thought hard. "I've had the mis'ablest time."

"Why, I haven't!"

"I didn't have a thing to do."

"Why didn't you sing? I do."

It was a long sentence for the weak little fingers, and they sank wearily into the Strange Little Girl's lap. But the Strange Little Girl was smiling.

Roberta tried again. This would surprise her.

"I've been sick ten days."

"Ten years," spelled the tired little thin, white fingers. And then some one came and drew down the curtain at the other window. There was just time to nod and spell "Good-by!"

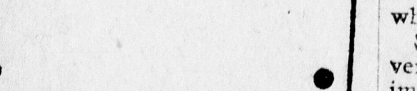
Ten years! Ten years! Roberta sank back on her pillows and shut her eyes. She was trying to think how it would feel to be sick ten years—to ache always—and sing.

"Oh, I can't! I can't make b'lieve it!" she cried, softly. "An' I thought I was the unfortunatist one in the world. Oh, that poor, that brave little girl in the other window!"

Then there were new, soft, sweet sounds in Roberta's window. Roberta was singing.—Youth's Companion.

A Good Puzzle.

Draw three straight lines across this square, in such a way that there will be seven separate sections, each six-



CAN YOU DO IT?

tion containing one dot and no more. The lines may cross each other, but each one must be drawn at one stroke.

Bobbie's Original Definition.

Teacher—What is a cannibal? Can anyone tell what a cannibal is? Bobbie—Please, ma'am, a cannibal is one who eats each other.—Kansas City Journal.

That Tired Feeling

Is a Common Spring Trouble.

It's a sign that the blood is deficient in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that the blood is impure.

It's a warning, too, which only the hazy fail to heed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove it, give new life, new courage, strength and animation.

They cleanse the blood and clear the complexion.

Accept no substitute.

"I felt tired all the time and could not sleep. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of scrofula." Mrs. C. M. Moor, Gilead, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Similarity of Animals and Men.

It has been observed that if the tamed dog is taken back to the wild state he loses his voice. These "sounding voices" are produced in the animal throat in a way similar to human language, but are not "voices" proper nor "languages" proper, and yet they are full of psychological expression and reveal the animal's psychic states. If we tie a chimpanzee in the armchair, the touch produces a grin on the face similar to that of a man under like circumstances. He also emits laughterlike sounds. The same is the case with the orang outang. The gorilla knits the brow when angry, just like men.

We often observe in apes a complete change in the facial muscles when, something is going to happen, be it agreeable or disagreeable. It is so also with the child. In apes there is evidently the same connection between the facial muscles and vocal muscles as in man.

Clothes and the Man.

"What a mistake it is to judge men by their clothes."

"I know it. There is a self made millionaire in this town who dresses just as well and with as much taste as any of the clerks in his establishment."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

ADAMS' SARSAPAPILLA PILLS

Chocolate Coated.

Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, 10c, 25c. Druggists.

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Chronic Sores

Eating Ulcers, A Constant Drain Upon the System

And a source of worry, anxiety and endless trouble to those who are afflicted with them, particularly so when located upon the lower extremities where the circulation is weak and sluggish. A gangrenous eating ulcer upon the leg is a frightful sight, and as the poison burrows deeper and deeper into the tissue beneath and the sore continues to spread, one can almost see the flesh melting away and feel the strength going out with the sickening discharges. Great running sores and deep offensive ulcers often develop from a simple boil, swollen gland, bruise or pimple and are a threatening danger always, because while all such sores are not cancerous, a great many are, and this should make you suspicious of all chronic slow-healing ulcers and sores, particularly if cancer runs in your family. Face sores are common and cause the

greatest annoyance because they are so persistent and unsightly and detract from one's appearance.

Middle aged and old people and those whose blood is contaminated and tainted with the germs and poison of malaria or some previous sickness, or excessive use of mercury, are the chief sufferers from chronic sores and ulcers. While the blood remains in this unhealthy, polluted condition healing is simply impossible and the sore will continue to grow and spread in spite of washes and salves or any superficial or surface treatment, for the sore is but the outward sign of some constitutional disorder, a bad condition of the blood and system, which local remedies cannot cure.

S. S. S. reaches these old chronic sores through the blood. It goes to the very root of the trouble and counteracts and removes from the blood all the impurities and poisons, and gradually builds up the entire system and strengthens the sluggish circulation, and when the blood has been purified and the system purged of all morbid, unhealthy matter the healing process begins, and the eating ulcer or chronic sore is soon entirely gone.

S. S. S. contains no mineral or poisonous drugs of any description, but is guaranteed a purely vegetable remedy, a sores and ulcers. If you have a slow-healing sore of any kind, large or small, write us about it, and our physicians will advise you without charge. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

BOOKS AND READING.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.—Addison.

A home without books is like a room without windows.—Beecher.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.—Burke.

Books are the best things well used; abused, among the worst.—Emerson.

Next to acquiring good friends the best acquaintance is that of good books.—Cotton.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested.—Bacon.

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.—Dawson.

What is a great love of books? It is something like a personal introduction to the great, and good men of all past times.—John Bright.

The three practical rules I have to offer are: (1) Never read any book that is not a year old; (2) never read any but famed books; (3) never read any but what you like.—Emerson.

Without Returning It.

She—I think May has lost her heart. He—Well, the man who has found it will receive a handsome reward.—Town and Country.

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Rheumatism
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Sprains
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Soreness
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CONQUERS PAIN.

He Wasn't Too Deaf.

Deafness is largely a matter of habit, says a writer in the New York Press. I know men who cannot hear you two feet away, though you bawl at them, yet at the distance of a block they will grasp your faintest whisper. Some are deaf for convenience, some for fraud, some for hypocrisy. Beware of the deaf man. One of the noted deaf men was old Matt Griffin, long ago an assemblyman from Griffin's Corners, Delaware county, N. Y. By courtesy deaf members receive front seats in the assembly, while others usually draw lots. When old Matt was excused from drawing a fellow member hotly protested. "But the old man is as deaf as a post," said the house leader. "Deaf!" exclaimed the protestant. "Matt Griffin deaf! Why, bless your honest soul, he could hear a ten cent shipplaster rattle in a bag of feathers!"

He Was Lucky.

"Young man," said the pompous individual, "I did not always have this carriage. When I first started in life, I had to walk."

"You were lucky," chuckled the youth. "When I first started in life, I couldn't walk."—Chicago News.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

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202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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